

6d

6d

PUNCH

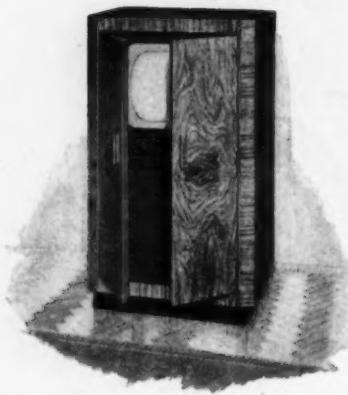
NOVEMBER

7
1951

Vol. CCXXI
No. 5794



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Technical excellence — plus...

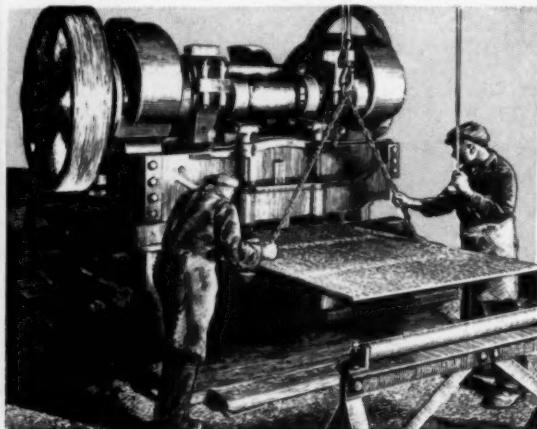
Model 1800 television receiver (with 12" aluminised tube) combines technical excellence with a cabinet which is built to the traditional R.G.D. standard.

Finished in carefully selected figured walnut, it has full-length doors which, when closed, completely conceal the tube face and loudspeaker grille — an important feature for those who know that fine instruments should also be fine furniture.



*The Aristocrat
of Radio and Television*

ACCREDITED DEALERS IN EVERY TOWN



One of the plate shearing machines at the Trafford Park Works of Banister, Walton & Co., Ltd.

In a world of unseen forces and unknown quantities we are glad that, at least, engineering problems are manageable. In the matter of steel construction we can ensure that the job will go according to plan.

**BANISTER,
WALTON & CO.
LTD.**
STRUCTURAL STEELWORK
RIVETED • WELDED

London, SW1—82 Victoria St. Birmingham, 1B—61/63 Western Rd. Manchester, 17—Trafford Park

Otterburn
Pure Wool Tweeds

are the fashion
in comfort

CLOTHES tailored in Otterburn Tweed have the classic elegance adored by the modern woman, and wearing this soft, beautifully made material you are conscious of being well-groomed and comfortably happy.

Woven with great skill from pure wool, Otterburn Tweed lives a long and fashionable life. It never dates or loses its graceful hang, and every yard honours the fine old Otterburn tradition of weaving distinctive, versatile tweed.

World famous couture houses, high class tailors, and the more exclusive stores all feature Otterburn Tweed. But should you have any difficulty in seeing patterns please write for the loan of a copy of a collection which includes many new designs—in : Otterburn Mill Ltd., Water Mill, Otterburn, Northumberland. Enclose 1/- in postage to cover postage.

OTTERBURN TWEED is priced between 55/9 and 69/6 a yard, 53-56 inches wide. The selvedge is stamped OTTERBURN, and ready-to-wear clothes tailored in Otterburn Tweed are distinguished by a label sewn on the lining.

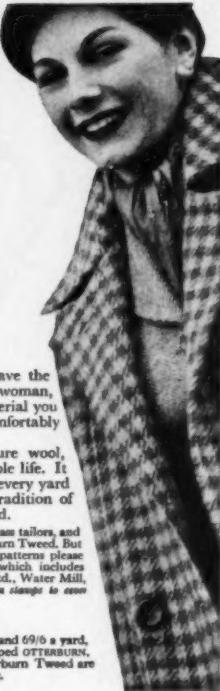


George Webb



No. 664/M87
Tan brogue. Special
leather SUPUL-SOLE
89/9—No purchase tax
Wide choice of styles
Made in Northampton

Available in "SAVILE ROW" & "MENTONE" Ranges





Strong local ties . . .

bound the old country bankers to their own local communities. To-day many of their descendants are Local Directors of Barclays Bank. We believe that our customers and ourselves are equally the gainers thereby.

**BARCLAYS BANK
LIMITED**



Glayva

SCOTCH LIQUEUR



Warm and genial,
friendly and kind, a
drink to linger over
... on all occasions
of hospitality.



RONALD MORRISON & CO LTD. EDINBURGH



Dear Rasher.

I wish I had
a Pettinrain Raincoat
like the chap on the
end of this lead!
most sincerely.

Rufus.



Safely invest all your time and skill too,
for woollies knitted in Lavenda will pay dividends
by keeping their shape and colour and lovely softness.

LAVENDA made by Ladies of Bradford



Art Dessert
CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT
a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

If it's an occasion...

one of the great days that happen just once in a lifetime . . . what better way to express all that you feel than by giving a fine Swiss watch?

. . . to make sure you choose a watch that will be treasured far into the years to come . . .

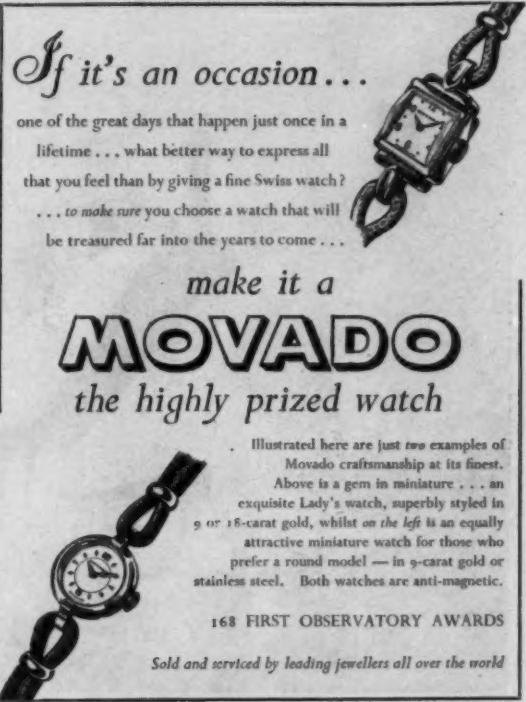
make it a
MOVADO
the highly prized watch

Illustrated here are just two examples of Movado craftsmanship at its finest.

Above is a gem in miniature . . . an exquisite Lady's watch, superbly styled in 9 or 18-carat gold, whilst on the left is an equally attractive miniature watch for those who prefer a round model — in 9-carat gold or stainless steel. Both watches are anti-magnetic.

168 FIRST OBSERVATORY AWARDS

Sold and serviced by leading jewellers all over the world





Giving a Christmas present?

Good blankets last a long time—but Earlywarm last a lifetime! So decide now to give blankets—better still, decide to give EARLYWARM.

Of course there's a reason why Earlywarm blankets are so soft and gentle to the touch, why they're as warm as the Christmas spirit, and so long lasting. They have a pedigree: they are made in the depths of lovely Oxfordshire, and have behind them a 280-year heritage of blanket-weaving experience.

Do see Earlywarm blankets and judge for yourself. See them and feel them. Then you will decide to give your friends those all wool 'friends for life.' Choice of plain, coloured or striped. From the leading stores.

Earlywarm Cleaning and Refinishing Service. This is the way to preserve the warmth and beauty of your blankets. Ask your store for details.

*There's a lifetime of luxurious warmth
and beauty in*

EARLYWARM

all wool

WITNEY BLANKETS



An EARLY Product from Witney, Oxfordshire

*Junior
subscriber
to the Bank
of Health*



Look at this happy, healthy child! So full of energy and life! As a baby he started right—he had a good balance in his health account, thanks to SevenSeas.

Cod Liver Oil is so necessary to the young that it is even provided by the Government free of charge for expectant mothers and young children. But it is just as necessary for the over-fives.

A healthy body, sturdy bones and teeth, and lots of energy—these are the foundations of success in life.

Children love SevenSeas. And there are SevenSeas capsules for your convenience.

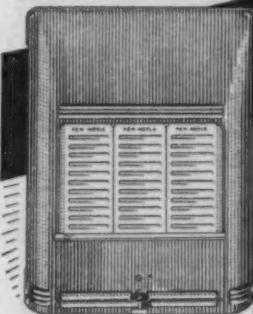
*Build up his
health reserves with*



COD LIVER OIL

Every chemist sells it,
oil from 1/6, capsules from 1/9.

FOR GLOWING
WARMTH AND
COMFORT



THE
MALMESBURY

NEW WORLD SILENT BEAM GAS FIRES burn silently, flooding the room with luxurious warmth. They are notably economical with the gas, having a 3-position tap and are provided with automatic lighting.

See them at your Gas Showrooms



... it's a **for me!**



The Bank as
Executor
Administrator
Trustee

THIS BOOKLET describes the services Lloyds Bank can offer in the administration of estates and trusts. A copy can be obtained on request from any branch of the Bank.

LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED



"Be a good fellow, George
and get the Three Castles!"

How did the bidding go? "One Club"
... "Two Spades" ... "Three Castles" ...
And that's a convention that is accepted
everywhere. What better could you hold
in your hand than one of these good cigarettes?



The
"THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.
T.7.345



Bring your detective powers to bear on the search for scrap and you'll probably unearth tons of it disguised as old plant you never use or hidden in out of the way corners of your warehouses, stockrooms and yards.

The new steel every industry needs can be made from the old steel it has done with. Find all you can. Round it up. Turn it in.

Your scrap merchant will help with dismantling and collection.

Speed the
SCRAP
Speed
the Steel

Issued for the STEEL SCRAP DRIVE by the
British Iron and Steel Federation

STEEL HOUSE, TOHILL STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



DAKS

suits



Daks Suits have all the comfort of country clothes with the smartness of town clothes. It is not too much to say that a jacket of faultless ease and perfect cut, coupled with Daks self-supporting trousers, makes a suit which is revolutionizing men's ideas of dressing. Daks Suits are tailored in an infinite variety of town and country cloths, but among the most interesting are the fine worsteds and woolens. Smooth, light yet warm, and very hard wearing. Make a point of seeing them.
There are Simpson dealers everywhere.

SIMPSON TAILORED

REMEMBER
GENEROUSLY
SAT - NOV 10

**THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP**

FOYLES
* FOR BOOKS *

Stock of over
3 million
volumes

New, secondhand
and rare Books on
every subject

We Buy Books, Stamps, Coins

Foyles Record Dept. for
H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca
Long-Playing and all other makes.

Subscriptions taken for British
and overseas magazines and we
have a first-class Postal Library.

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sat.)

17/6
A BOTTLE



Triple Crown Port
is a delightful full-bodied port
produced by the people who
made port famous.



By Appointment to
His Majesty the King
Manufacturers of
Rum & Scotch
The Siegert Company Ltd.



One of Britain's Fine Cars

ROVER

Seventy-Five

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED
SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM ALSO DEVONSHIRE HOUSE LONDON

CVD-15P

Concentration. Complete attention
from first to last



The same attention is a feature of the
"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" SERVICE
7 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

**it's better
with
ANGOSTURA**

RUM AND BUTTER

In a tumbler, dissolve one
lump of sugar in a little
hot water. Then add 1 oz.
of Siegert's Bouquet Rum,
2 oz. of hot water (or hot
milk if preferred) and one
lump of Butter (walnut
size). Stir gently and serve
with a little nutmeg grated
on top.

ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS

32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MURIT

Can be used in a "101"
food and Drink recipes.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

(Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons) LIMITED
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

WEAR
the boots that
WEAR
longer
WEAR
DUNLOP

SEAMLESS RUBBER BOOTS



Best on Earth



DUNLOP QUALITY MEANS
STRENGTH AND LONG LIFE

Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. (Footwear Division)
Speke, Liverpool, 19.

IF/MBq

IF
your office is cold this winter
'Fibreglass' insulation
might help you

enquiries to:

FIBREGLASS
TRADE MARK

FIBREGLASS LTD • RAVENHEAD • ST. HELENS • LANC • ST. HELENS 4224

BRYLCREEM
YOUR HAIR



and know the
DOUBLE
meaning of
clean*
grooming

(1)★ Lustrous hair — free from excessive oiliness.
(2)★ A clean scalp — free from dandruff.

Brylcreem will make your hair soft, lustrous and full of vitality. And, because the oils in Brylcreem are emulsified, it will give you day-long smartness without excessive oiliness. Massage with Brylcreem will allow its pure oils to do their good work of cleansing the scalp and making it dandruff-free. So there you have it — the double meaning of clean grooming. Ask for Brylcreem, the *perfect* hair-dressing, in tubes 1/8, 2/6 and 4/6; or handy tubes 2/6.

reps 59/6

Careful spending suggests

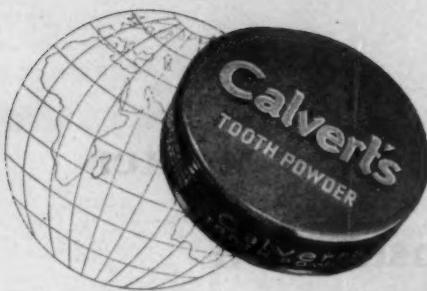
DRIWAY
WEATHERCOATS

The little more invested in a better quality article invariably produces a higher dividend of service and satisfaction. You will certainly find this to be true of Driway Weathercoats, which bear the unmistakable signs of true tailoring craftsmanship.

"perhaps the finest made"



Driway weathercoats and sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country.



Cleaner by far . . . and wide

One of the friendly links with home for many thousands living overseas is the familiar tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder—on sale to-day in almost every country of the world.

For four generations users agree that Calvert's does its job of cleaning supremely well, and very pleasantly too, thanks to a unique flavour. Have you ever tried Calvert's Tooth Powder. You should, and let your teeth show the difference.

Calvert's TOOTH Powder

Does your hair say "SCRUFFY?"

If it's dry and lifeless, it certainly does!

ARE YOU CALLED "SCRUFFY"—just because of your hair? If it's dry, lifeless, or if dandruff shows, the betting is you are!

Why not end that scruffiness now! All these things are signs of ugly Dry Scalp, and that calls for 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic.

A 20-second daily massage with a few drops of this amazing hair tonic ends Dry Scalp. Move the whole scalp—don't just rub!

Oh-oh-Dry Scalp!

Is this your hair? Dry? Lifeless? How to keep your hair healthy and smooth? The "Dry Scalp" got you! End it with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic!



Your hair will look better, your scalp will feel better, as soon as you banish Dry Scalp with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. And smart, smooth hair marks the man who means to go places.

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING
THAT ENDS
DRY SCALP

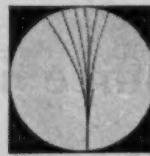


2549-11

*"Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Cheshuntong Mfg. Co. Ltd.

4 reasons for liking Personna blades in this handy dispenser

1



Micro-photograph from a Pauli Pictorial film

Personna Precision Blades are hollow-ground so sharp that they can split a human hair into 7 separate strands

2



The Zipak puts a Personna Blade straight into your razor, unwrapped, untouched, ready for instant use

3



Zipak has a convenient underside compartment to dispose of discarded blades . . . It's neater . . . it's safer!

PERSONNA Precision Blades

4

Costs no more. Ten Personna Precision Blades in the Zipak cost just 2/6 . . . that's the price of the blades alone! So you are paying no more for more comfortable, longer-lasting shaves, and you get Zipak's extra convenience and safety free. Buy Personna in the faster, neater Zipak—today!

10 BLADES FOR 2/6
Also in packets of 5 for 1/3



Shave with Personna and you shave with Precision

COPE'S "WHY THEY WON" Series



No. 11. Nimbus

(Bay, 1946) Nearco — Kong. Bought for 5,000 guineas, Mrs. M. Glenister's Nimbus won £33,076 during his short racing career. In 1949, he was unbeaten in his four races, winning the 2,000 Guineas and the Derby.

DETERMINATION and sheer grit were the two factors that carried Nimbus to his victories in 1949. It will be remembered that he won his two classic races in photo-finishes — by a short head from Aberrant in the Guineas and by a head from Amour Drake in the Derby.

What gave Nimbus that extra speed and staying power? Note the depth through the girth and well-sprung ribs, suggesting great heart room and scope for the action of the lungs. It was these advantages that enabled him to maintain his long and powerful stride, even to the end of the exacting Derby course.

Judge a horse on points and a bookmaker by reputation. For 56 years, the name "Cope" has stood for integrity, dependability and personal service. Send for our fully illustrated brochure today.

DAVID COPE,
LUDGATE CIRCUS
LONDON E.C.4

"The World's Best Known Turf Authority"

You can depend on COPE'S

Whenever Export figures are quoted there comes the accustomed reference to 'expert British Craftsmanship'. But . . . have you ever stopped to ask yourself . . .

"Who are Britain's Craftsmen?"

Introducing George Myatt, for over 25 years senior 'thrower' for a firm specialising in hospital and pharmaceutical earthenware. Despite the general mechanization of the pottery trade, no alternative has yet been found to the potter's wheel and the 'thrower's' skill for producing pestles, mortars and similar goods.*

But — does craftsmanship mean only handcraftsmanship? Surely not. For the whole chemical industry has been built up on the

ability of plant and equipment to translate into bulk production the results of laboratory work . . . precisely and without variation.

Craftsmanship is manifest in the design, control and operation of these machines, and at every stage of production.

Monsanto follow the traditions of British craftsmanship in making an invaluable range of fine chemicals for the pharmaceutical industries of the world.

Monsanto
CHEMICALS
Division of the
Monsanto Company

Monsanto make over 200 chemicals for use in industry. Of widely varying application, they all conform to the highest standards of craftsmanship in chemical manufacture.

M O N S A N T O C H E M I C A L S L I M I T E D
8 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1



* Illustration: Courtesy of Mr. George Myatt and Messrs. John Lockett & Co., Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.



ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

Beware of Old Man Winter's cold, clammy claws! Rain, frost and fog can soon cause husky, sore throats and wheezy chests. Give yourself the protection of soothing, warming, pleasant Zubes—they simply can't be beaten! Zubes are scientifically prepared—contain Tolu to stop tickling coughs, Menthol to ease catarrh, Ginger and Capsicum to warm you, and Peppermint and Aniseed to soothe your throat and chest. This winter —go suck a Zube! Go buy a tin—today! 5/- an oz. loose; and in 8/-d. and 1/4d. tins.



ZUBE

Zubes Cough Mixture containing the famous Zubes ingredients 1/7 & 2/11

DANGER MONTHS

Guard against colds and 'flu

Now is danger time for colds and 'flu. Infection most often takes place when you are suffering from fatigue. Guard against fatigue with Ribena Vitamin C Blackcurrant Juice. The Ministry of Food says: "A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion and a feeling of exuberant good health." Safeguard your health in these critical months—take RIBENA natural Vitamin C blackcurrant juice at least twice every day. Good for children from three weeks old. Buy a bottle today.

VITAMIN C
Ribena
BLACKCURRANT JUICE
fights fatigue

Obtainable from all Chemists, Stores and Grocers 3/3d.
SO DELICIOUS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET TO TAKE IT DAILY
Highly concentrated. Contains not less than 20 mgms. of Vitamin C per fluid oz.
MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD



MELROSE. A neat ankle boot in Brown willow side with rubber sole. 10s/-

*You're smart to keep warm
in your Morlands.*

* THERE'S NOTHING SO WARM, OR WEARS SO WELL, AS THE NATURAL SHEEPSKIN USED TO LINE YOUR MORLANDS.

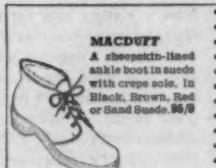
To be sure of the genuine thing (for all that's woolly is not sheepskin)

look for the name on the

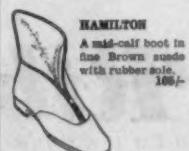
Sheep-shape label. It distinguishes
Boots and Slippers made by Morlands,
the folk who know sheepskin inside out.



6/7d/31.



MACDUFF
A sheepskin-lined ankle boot in suede with crepe sole. In Black, Brown, Red or Sand Suede. 9s/6d



HAMILTON
A mid-calf boot in fine Brown suede with rubber sole. 10s/-



STRATHMORRAN!
A Grecian slipper with soft hide sole and wedge. Sheepskin lined. Blue, Brown, Green, Red or Sienna Suede. 4s/6d



it's GOOD - it's FALKS



The name you can rely upon for Electrical Appliances for the home. Falks Products include — The Robot automatic Toaster, illustrated — Auto-Parc Coffee Maker — Gad-About Travelling Iron — Food Mixer — Candlewick Heating Pad.



Obtainable
from usual
electrical
suppliers

(P.S.) **LOOK FOR THE LABEL!**

FALKS LTD., 91 FARRINGDON ROAD, LONDON E.C.1
WEST END SHOWROOMS: 20 MOUNT STREET, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1

OVERWORKED? RUN DOWN? WORN OUT?



How an 8-week course of Sanatogen can give you health and strength .

If you suffer from bodily and nervous exhaustion today, it may be you are not getting enough protein foods, like meat. By feeding your "starved" cells with vital extra protein, Sanatogen strengthens your whole system. Daily Sanatogen supplies the protein nourishment of 6 oz. of lean beef. Sanatogen consists of 95% casein and 5% phosphorus (for nerve building). Sanatogen is the only tonic you can buy in which protein and phosphorus are combined in such an easily digestible form — invaluable in illness and convalescence. Take Sanatogen three times daily for eight weeks — not a stimulant but a nourishing tonic. From all chemists: 4 oz. 6/-; 8 oz. 11/6; 2 lb. 40/-

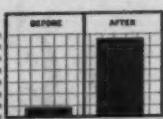
68% More Energy in 14 Days!
Tests on a group of workers showed only 8% energy left after a day's work. After only a fortnight on daily Sanatogen they had 66% left.



SANATOGEN THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

Praised by over 25,000 doctors in the past 50 years.

The word "Sanatogen" is the registered trade mark of Genessee Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.



For all those conditions in which aspirin would have been taken,
DISPRIN is recommended



The tablets in these two glasses have the same purpose : to relieve pain. But they are different. They behave differently in water : they behave differently in your stomach.

The one, 'Disprin', dissolves rapidly to form a true solution. The other is almost insoluble, and enters the stomach as a suspension of undissolved acid particles. Because Disprin is freely soluble it is readily absorbed by the system and its beneficent effects are felt without delay.

Moreover, Disprin is substantially neutral (non-acid), and therefore far less likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation.

DISPRIN

D.R.D.P.
because it is soluble and far less acid

From all chemists. 50-tablet bottle 3/-, 26-tablet bottle 2/6, pocket pack 8 tablets 9d.



For pleasing, useful and inexpensive Christmas gifts ask one of our 6,000 stockists to show you

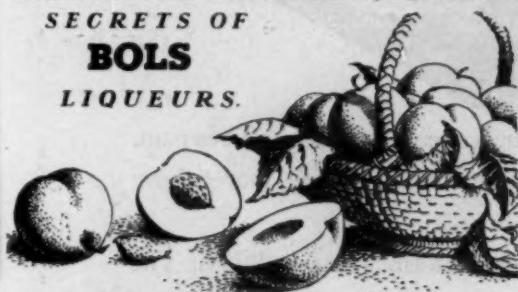
NOTON LUGGAGE

- Paxall'—Expanding Cases
- Stronghold'—Light Luggage
- Fender Edge'—Matched Sets
- Milady'—Overnight Cases

NOTON

WORKS: WALTHAMSTOW AND OLDHAM
TRADE SHOWROOMS: 22 BROOK STREET, W.I.

SECRETS OF **BOLS** LIQUEURS.



Dry and yet sweet...

the juice of luscious apricots, infused with the flavour of crushed kernels...

...that's Apricot Bols. Technically it is a maceration of natural fruit, blended with aromatised spirits. But Apricot Bols also mingles dryness with sweetness, and so throws open a new and unsuspected world of enchantment even to those palates educated to anticipate delight.



Apricot **BOLS**

* The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1575—over thirty years before Rembrandt was born.

Other Bols liqueurs include Cherry Bols, Dry Orange Curacao and Bolskummel.



This simple test proves porosity. Smoke blown into Latex Foam goes right through it.

Facts to remember

when buying Mattresses and Upholstered Furniture

It's the "filling" that counts in mattresses, pillows and upholstery. One of several factors which make LATEX FOAM the perfect material for this purpose is its POROSITY.

Latex Foam consists of millions of tiny interconnected air cells encased in pure rubber latex. With every movement of the body the cells contract and expand, and air of room temperature passes through them. Thus, Latex Foam, besides being the most luxuriously comfortable is also the healthiest material for mattresses, pillows and upholstered furniture—pleasantly cool, dustless and hygienic.

For further important facts write for a copy of "Latex Foam in the Home." Free on request.

LATEX FOAM

THE BRITISH RUBBER DEVELOPMENT BOARD
MARKET BUILDINGS MARK LANE LONDON, E.C. 3

Latex Foam is manufactured by a number of different companies, each with its own special brand name.



REMEMBER
GEREOUTY
SAT - NOV 10

Welcome to the Inn

*There is nothing which has yet been contrived
by man by which so much happiness is
produced as by a good tavern or inn.*

DR. JOHNSON

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.I



THE MAN WHO COVERS 26,000 FEET A MINUTE

AS CAPTAIN of one of T.C.A.'s Skyliners on the Europe-Canada run, Charles Skelding covers 26,000 feet of sky a minute, often wishes he could paint as fast. Off-duty, British-born Captain Skelding takes his pleasures quietly, likes pottering around his home with a paint brush. Captain Skelding, who is married, joined T.C.A. in 1938, has now crossed the Atlantic over 200 times. As thoroughly

dependable a fellow as you'll ever meet, Captain Skelding is typical of the men who look after you when you are travelling by T.C.A.'s giant "North Star" Skyliners.

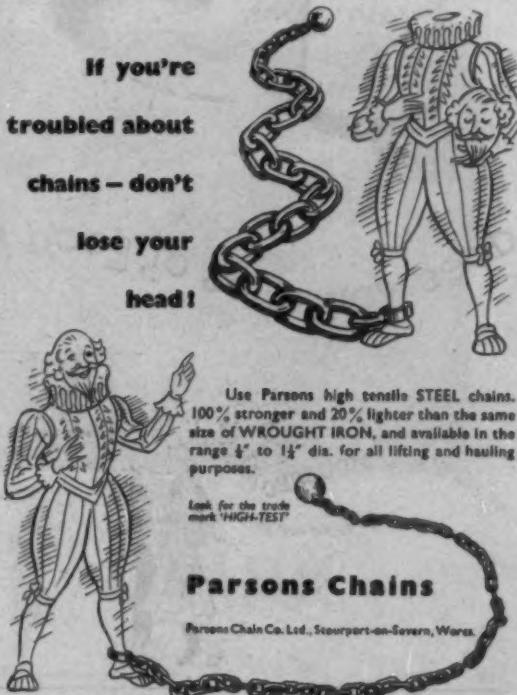
With such men, you can be confident of a comfortable trip and regular "on time" arrivals — Paris, London or Prestwick today, Montreal tomorrow! Swift Skyliner services link you with every important Canadian and U.S. city.



TRANS-CANADA *Airlines*
CANADA—ONLY A DAY BY T.C.A.

Full information and reservations from your TRAVEL AGENT, or from 27, Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tel: WHItehall 0851. Scotland—Prestwick Airport, Ayrshire. Tel: Glasgow Central 3428 or Prestwick 7272, Extensions 268/269.

If you're
troubled about
chains — don't
lose your
head!



Use Parsons high tensile STEEL chains. 100% stronger and 20% lighter than the same size of WROUGHT IRON, and available in the range 4" to 1½" dia. for all lifting and hauling purposes.

Look for the trade
mark 'HIGH-TEST'

Parsons Chains

Parsons Chain Co. Ltd., Stourport-on-Severn, Worcestershire.

a little *

MOUSSEC!



Ask for a Baby Moussec at the bar—it fills one champagne glass and costs 2/6. Moussec, of course, is produced from selected grapes by the entirely natural process of double fermentation.



does you a lot of good!

we shall have MOUSSEC wherever we go!



Do you know
“WHAT A BANK DOES”?

The booklet “What a Bank Does” is interesting and useful even if you are already familiar with the manifold functions of a Bank.

If, however, you are old enough to earn, save and spend, yet young enough to be inexperienced in the convenient handling of money, you will welcome this helpful guide which lives up to its title by explaining, simply and concisely, what a Bank does.

Ask at any branch for a copy.

**DISTRICT BANK
LIMITED**

“He that can be Content
has no more to desire”

DON QUIXOTE

Contented—that's the word for the man who is smoking an EMBASSY CIGAR. He has no particular desire to hear about our 70 years' experience in selecting the very best leaf. He is content to enjoy the mild Havana flavour . . . completely content.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

No smoke streams over the coaches of this Royal Scot. No boilers demand constant stoking. No great noise assails the driver. These 1,600 h.p. diesel-electric locomotives, 10,000 and 10,001, haul heavy goods and passenger expresses with equal efficiency. Their diesel engines and electric equipment were designed and built by 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'.



bringing you

All over the world 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' trains and locomotives are bringing quieter, cleaner, more comfortable travel.

All over the world, in all kinds of ways, 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' uses the power of Electricity to bring better living to millions of people.



better living



The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

In a class of its own for "Quality First" Features



The "Quality First"
MORRIS

Take a searching look at the next modern Morris you see. In its styling, interior appointments, superline finish and in its performance too, it has entered a new and higher class in economical motoring.

Until that happy day comes, when you take delivery of a new Morris, keep your present model

in first-class condition by availing yourself of Morris "Quality First" Service.



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD. OVERSEAS BUSINESS: HUFFIELD EXPORTS LIMITED, OXFORD, AND 41 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
C.C.60

fly BEA

TO SWISS WINTER SPORTS

ZURICH £26

Flying time 3 hrs. 5 mins.

RETURN FROM
LONDON

GENEVA £25

Flying time 3 hrs. 12 mins.

RETURN FROM
LONDON

These are special 23-day excursion fares for the winter sports season and are available between December 15th 1951 and March 31st 1952. For full information and bookings apply to your Travel Agent, any BEA office or BEA, Dorland Hall, 14/20, Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (Telephone GERrard 9833).

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

A
SUPERB BRANDY

Known and enjoyed
by Commissaires
for more than a Century.

Also available — these
Rare old Liqueur Brandies
Fine Champagne
30 years old
Grande Champagne 1900
Fine Champagne
75 years old
Grande Fine Champagne
Ré. Emp. Over a Century



SALIGNAC
Cognac

NOW OBTAINABLE LOCALLY

Since Agents for Great Britain - B. B. MASON & CO. LTD., 64-6 Tooley St., LONDON S.E.1 and HULL



The Vacuum Way

ON THE SEVEN SEAS

**The Chief Engineer
is expecting a visitor . . .**

Whenever this ship ties up at a major port, someone comes aboard whose visit has become a part of 'docking drill'. He is the resident Vacuum representative, for this is a Vacuum-lubricated ship.

Vacuum lubricants are available at 358 ports throughout the world and at every major port Vacuum have a resident representative. He knows his lubricants as well as the chief engineer knows his engines. The Vacuum network of communications tells him the current operating record of all Vacuum-lubricated ships, their lubrication needs at the last port of call and their probable immediate needs on reaching port. Nothing is taken for granted and nothing left to chance — he's always at the dock-side to meet them, ready to bring aboard Vacuum "Gargoyle" marine oils and greases, ready to pool his knowledge and experience with the chief's.

Yet this is but one aspect of the Vacuum Lubrication Service. With its powerful help, the wheels of industry turn smoothly in factories all over the country. On the farm, tractor and cultivator respond the better for its care. It helps to keep great fleets of lorries and buses on the road, coaxes peak performance from monster railway engines, and ensures that your car or motor cycle is never far from supplies of Mobiloil and the other Vacuum lubricants it needs.

A complete lubrication service for everything mechanical —

THAT'S THE VACUUM WAY



Makers of MOBIL OIL, GARGOYLE Industrial and Marine Lubricants, MOBIL LAND for tractors and farm machinery, DELVAC and SOVAC Oils for road transport, PROCESS PRODUCTS, and specially prescribed oils for individual problems.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

Post Prandial

IT IS OFTEN an anxious moment, between the dessert and the liqueurs, when the toastmaster takes up his position behind the high table and the busy noise of banqueting is stilled. What sort of speeches will there be tonight? Witty or windy? Delightful or dull? It all depends—partly on the speaker himself, partly on the way everyone is feeling. In pleasant surroundings, when the dinner has been expertly cooked and served, with wine of the choicest vintage handled with reverence and affection—then even the most dismal speaker develops redeeming features, and the witty and delightful one is at his brilliant best. Such is the way of speakers at the famous Connaught Rooms, where, with no fewer than twenty of the most sumptuous Banqueting Halls gathered together under one roof, London boasts an amenity without equal anywhere on earth.

CONNAUGHT ROOMS are Banqueting Rooms

Woman, you've been
deceiving me!



Fancy kidding me you couldn't
cook! What was that delectable
dish?

Don't you know a Shepherd's
Pie when you taste one?

Clever girl! I thought shepherds
were in short supply.

Idiot! That savoury flavour
came from Marmite.

Ah! Bride's Kitchen secret un-

masked! So you've stolen a leaf
out of mother's cookery book.

Nonsense. I've had Marmite
since I was a kid, though I've
only just discovered that it is a
concentrated extract of yeast
and a valuable protective food
containing the B₂ Vitamins.

Good for Marmite. Now, stop
talking like a dietician and give
the master a kiss.

Marmite
Concentrated extract of yeast, flavoured with
vegetables and spices—that's Marmite. Tastes
good all ways—does you good anyway—that's



1 oz. 9d., 2 oz. 1/4, 4 oz. 2/4, 8 oz. 4/-, 16 oz. 7/-



As a liqueur, as a beverage,
as a safe and quick stimulant,
Hennessy Brandy is unequalled.

Is there a Hennessy in the House?



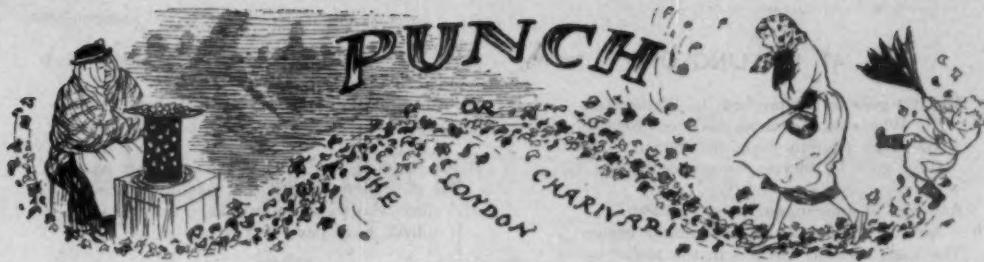
A fine Cigar

Widely known as "the first
cigar for the best days," Don
Garcias are wrapped with the
finest Havana leaf (see label on
box) and made in five sizes. In
boxes of 25 and smaller packings.

DON GARCIA

"The First Cigar for the best days"

In case of difficulty in obtaining Don Garcia write to Don Garcia
Bureau, 11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.I. for names of
nearest suppliers.



CHARIVARIA

WHEN delivering freight from Moscow to Kiev, says *Izvestiya*, a three-ton lorry has to waste one-third of its freight space on carrying its own petrol, and the setting-up of petrol pumps and service stations on the route is suggested as a solution. British Communists will already have made plans to greet these new Soviet inventions.

A Plague o' Both his Hoses

"Viscount Jowitt told her: . . . Doesn't matter what kind of grip-proof garters I try when I'm wearing my robes—my black stockings have a lamentable tendency to droop."—*Daily Express*

"Lord Jowitt, the sixty-six-year-old Lord Chancellor, told American girls yesterday: . . . It doesn't matter what kind of garters I try my white stockings have the most lamentable tendency to droop."—*Daily Mirror*



After putting sixpence into an orange-squash machine at London Airport a man got thirty glasses of squash out of it. B.O.A.C. should be reminded that gambling on fruit-machines is strictly illegal.



A wireless critic thinks the B.B.C. would have difficulty in convincing many working-class households that the feature, "The Critics," is not intended to be funny. It makes it so much harder for everybody when there is no studio audience to give them a lead.

Coal merchants have been officially requested to give housewives all possible help in measures to save fuel. What's wrong with the present system of refraining from delivering any?

"The Lord Bishop will open the Exhibition on Tuesday, 6th November at 3 p.m. and will be on view each day (Tues., Wed. and Thursdays) from 3 p.m. to 9 p.m."

Parish magazines

Where's your Madame Tussaud now?

Moscow radio recently called Britain's system of local government "a survival of feudal slavery." Much was naturally made of the way we keep our mayors in chains.

"The captain, T. C. Barras, is at fly-half. This season Barras will captain Hampshire, so we shall be seeing quite a lot of him."

Evening Standard

How do you spell "embarrass" again?



AT WALLINGFORD

WHOM goes to Wallingford, to Wallingford
Where Richard made his Great Rectangulus?
A thousand pilgrims eager for reward
Have gone by bicycle, have gone by bus.

And not to muse upon her old renown,
And not to dawdle on her ancient bridge
The vast assembly gathers to the town
Burdened with their mysterious equipage.

They guide no boat upon the fair stream's breast,
They dance no measure to the rustic Pan's
Delirious pipings—they are mainly dressed
In coats and comforters and cardigans.

For miles their small encampments dot the verge,
The visionary gleam that gilds the task
Inspires them to unstow their gear and urge
The too-tight stopper from the vacuum flask.

Blind to the autumn woods afire with gold
Are crouched among the dark weeds' withering
stems
(As I have long been anxious to unfold)
The Associated Anglers of the Thames.

The pistol fires. The stalwart limbs are braced.
The serried ranks in pitches ten yards wide
Instant upon the sound have flung their paste,
Have flung their gentles to the flowing tide.

Not thus did Walton with his humble mate
On such a morning, nor in crowds so dense,
Instruct on how and where to hurl the bait
In piscatorial omnipotence.



Hollowood

"We must try to recapture the same magnificent esprit de corps, gentlemen, that marked our work during those dark days when we were threatened by Nationalization."

These have bewitched the air with countless wands
Huge as a tree, or delicate of build,
Women are with them—there are several blondes—
And some are boys; but all profoundly skilled.

Wears the long day. They cast, and cast again
The shotted line, until the shadows fall,
And some who toiled so long have toiled in vain;
Hundreds have never felt a bite at all.

Yet Scholar Gipsies in a pensive mood
Strolling beside the myriad-rodded stream
May sometimes see emerging from the flood
The glory and the freshness of a bream.

EVOR

A GUY IN THE HAND

I MOOCHED out of the Tube. As I turned into the High Road a gruff voice spoke from somewhere under my chin.

"Member the guy, mister?"

"Uh?" I said, stopping short and looking down.

"The guy, remember the guy!"

My mind was elsewhere. "Why?" I asked innocently.

"Cos we wanna get fireworks."

I hate bangs: I loathe fireworks. But in front of me stood the challenging figure of a sturdy little girl wearing a most hideous mask. She had a cocoa tin in her hand. I peered inside. There was a mass of coins.

"Do you buy fireworks with all that?"

"Nah! Charlie gets 'arf. It's 'is pitch."

"I see. And what does Charlie do with his half?"

"E gives 'arf of that to Bert 'cos it was 'is pitch last year."

"What do you do with the money you keep?"

"Me? I don't keep any. I'm only 'ere for Jean."

"Where's Jean?"

"She's inside, mister."

"Inside! What on earth for?"

The girl lifted the mask off her face.

"You are nosey, ain't yer? 'Cos yer can get more inside, as they come off the trains."

"Oh, inside the Tube, you mean?"

"Yer. What d'yer fink?"

I changed the line of approach.

"Don't you get anything for standing here?"

"Yer. Doris reely comes 'ere for Jean. She gives me someting of what she gets."

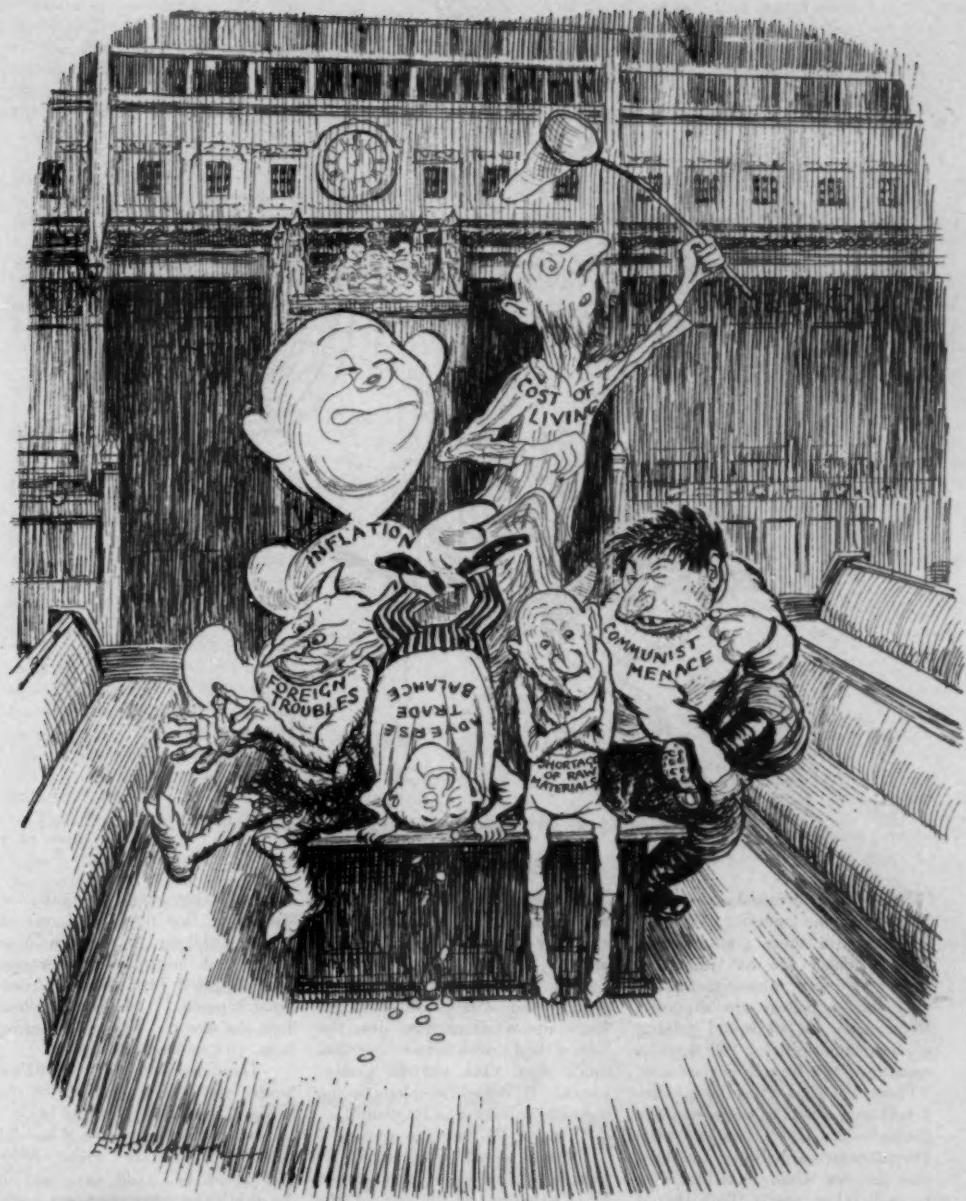
"How much is that? . . . Roughly?"

"Well, I can't say. Yer see, I borrowed the mask from Alf, and 'e'll want someting."

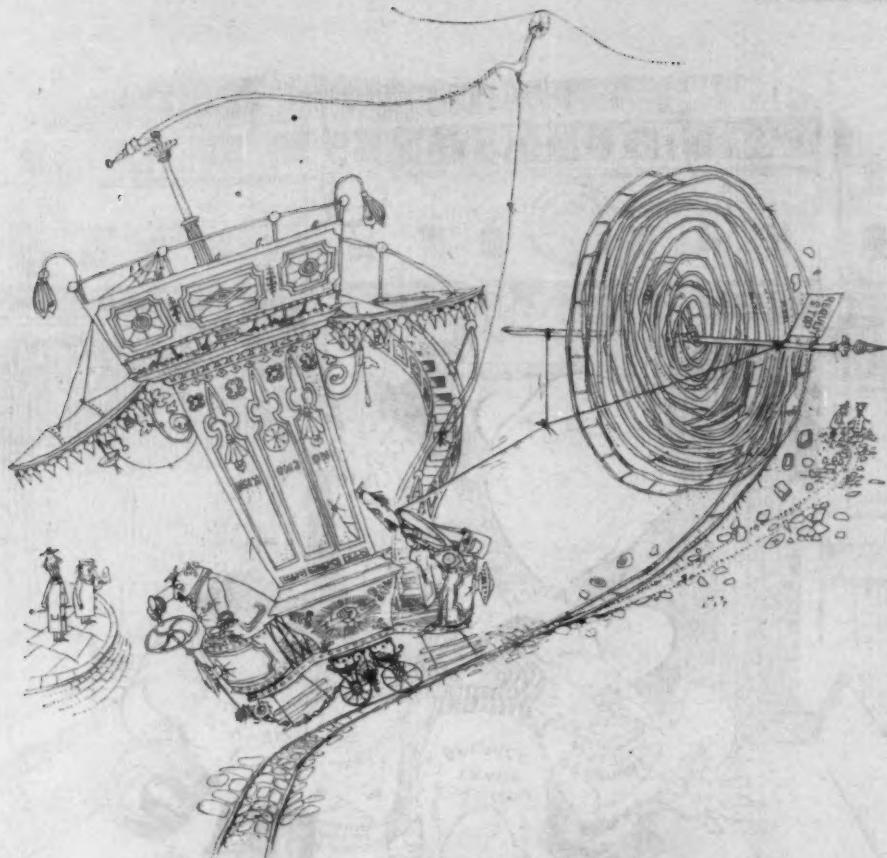
"But does anyone buy fireworks?"

"Nah, they're a waste er money."

As I stepped into my trolley-bus I tried to work out how much of my threepenny-bit went to the girl in Alf's mask.



THE REAL OPPONITION



"Well, I should say most definitely that really is the last tram."

VERISIMILITUDE

THE woman revolted against the strain on her credulity. "There's one thing in these pictures that always strikes me as ridiculous. That's the way, whatever nationality the characters are supposed to be, they all sit round talking modern American." She gave a recent example from her experience. "There was that Crusader picture I told you about. There was the Crusader Sir Guy, there was the Persian princess Shalimar, and there was Genghiz Khan, chatting away to each other, you'd think they'd just come off the campus."

The man was constrained to defend the makers of the picture.

"It wouldn't help much to hear a conversation in Persian, or Mongol, whatever the language happened to be."

The woman maintained her point of view. "It's so silly, though. There was an inscription over the gate of the Persian town—'GENGHIZ KHAN WILL FALL BEFORE SAMARKAND.' It looked ridiculous, seeing it written up there in English."

"I got the message across."

"They could have shown it written up in Persian, and worked in a situation where one of the characters translated it." She went into details. "They could show the Crusaders sitting round their camp

fire, and they could naturally be discussing this town, and one of them could say to another 'You know that inscription in Persian over the gate? I bet you don't know what it means.'" She made it clear how she saw it. "Sort of taunting him, you understand."

The man considered. "He'd look pretty silly," he suggested, "if the other character happened to know."

"It wouldn't matter if he did know or if he didn't know. If he did know he could say, and if he didn't the other character could tell him."

"The first character, you mean?"

"It doesn't matter which character." Her enthusiasm led her into excesses of invention. "Or they could show you a scene where one of the characters was keeping a watch on the town with Sir Guy. They could be talking to while away the time, and, quite casually, this character could say to Sir Guy 'You know Persian, don't you, Sir Guy?' Sir Guy could say 'Yes.'"

"He does know Persian—Sir Guy!"

"They could make him know it. And then this character could say 'I wonder if it would be too much trouble to ask you to translate that inscription over the gate for me?'"

"For the audience, you mean."

"He wouldn't have to say that, of course."

"It sounds a good deal more artificial to me," the man commented, "than putting it up in plain English as they did." He reverted to the origin of the discussion. "And how are they going to manage the conversations? Have a posse of interpreters tagging along all the time? It would be such a bore, sitting through everything twice."

The woman insisted. "There must be a way. If you can believe what they tell you, they go to fantastic lengths to get the details right, and the costumes in period. Yet this enormous inaccuracy, they don't seem to give it another thought."

The man propounded the obvious way out. "They could use subtitles." He reminded her of the impracticability of the alternative. "You can't expect them to have interpreters on tap, to translate the speeches through headphones, like the United Nations."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

"If the regulations are observed, the traffic in Huntingdon will proceed in an orderly manner and everyone will be protected as far as possible. The regulations are for the protection of the people and to give them as much inconvenience as possible while doing their business in this town."—*Canadian paper*

They can always take their business somewhere else.

WARRIOR SUCCESSION

WHEN lads sit round and talk their war, I smile
To note their old-campaigner, veteran style,
But when I've chatted of the one before
They've called me "Sir," as humouring a bore.

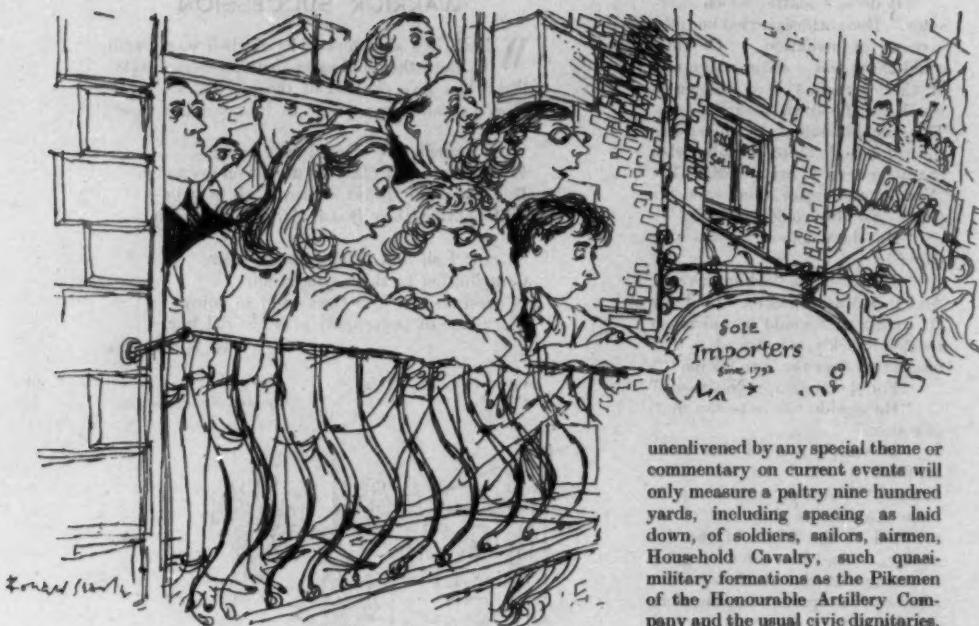
Well, I recall '18, when I was young,
With France and Flanders urgent on my tongue
But, for a grey-beard audience, all in vain—
Still fighting their South African campaign.

So now I sit and listen, mostly mum,
Contributing to their symposium
A question now and then—and so enjoy
The name of being quite a bright old boy.

W. K. HOLMES



"Are you bidding, sir?"



TRUMPETS IN THE CITY

The Lord Mayor's Show

IF envelopes with an E.C. post-mark should arrive on your Saturday breakfast table unstamped, unstuck or even unoccupied, please be understanding. On the previous morning, when your affairs should have been his exclusive pre-occupation, the black-coated worker (with a lemon-jumpered worker beside him) was probably hanging open-mouthed from a window in Gresham Street or Poultry, Cannon Street or

Ludgate Hill, as the new Lord Mayor passed in splendour below, accompanied by "the craftes of London in their best loveray with trumpets blohyng." (The spelling is a Mr. Henry Machyn's, who got in ahead of us by reporting this occasion four hundred years ago.)

Disruption of the City's business should not be very serious this year. The procession can hardly be called a Show, really, and being

unenlivened by any special theme or commentary on current events will only measure a paltry nine hundred yards, including spacing as laid down, of soldiers, sailors, airmen, Household Cavalry, such quasi-military formations as the Pikemen of the Honourable Artillery Company and the usual civic dignitaries. Oh, and ten bands. With trumpets blohyng. The route is a short one too. Traditionally the Mayor must pass through his own ward and those of his two Sheriffs; this year's—Walbrook, Dowgate and Bread Street—allow an almost direct advance upon the Law Courts, up Cannon Street, past St. Paul's and along Fleet Street.

A Chief Inspector of City Police, whom we sought out at his headquarters in Old Jewry, hoping for sensational tales of impending chaos and civil disorder, was disappointingly unruffled. Already the elements of the cavalcade had been systematically measured and recorded, and told how to reach their marshalling yards and when; the whole column, limited by the speed of the gilded coach to two and three-quarter m.p.h., would pass a given point in twelve minutes. "We shall get them away," the Chief Inspector told us confidently, "at eleven forty-two. Law Courts twelve-eighteen. Thirty-six minutes flat." This seemed good going to us. We have taken longer by bus.

As far as the City Police are





concerned—and their brothers of the Metropolitan, where responsibilities overlap—the quicker it's all over, the better. Not that they themselves are anything but enthusiastic about a bit of pomp and circumstance; but some earnest-minded members of the public feel otherwise: the City gentleman trapped in an uncharted one-way street on his way to a vital luncheon engagement is apt to dictate letters to the Press demanding sternly, "How much longer is this tomfoolery to be permitted?" Though, to do him justice, he is not usually insisting that the Show be done away with altogether; even he recognizes, perhaps, that a seven-hundred-year-old habit is hard to break; what he would like is its transfer to a nice, quiet Saturday afternoon, when there is nobody in the City but lost tourists, and he himself could modestly withdraw to his south coast retreat and thus make way for a few kiddies, who (his second-string argument) can't always manage to get to town on a week-day morning owing to pressure of other engagements.

We asked the City Remembrancer, Sir Leslie Bowker, why this couldn't be done (it is from his office in Guildhall that the procession is organized); he explained that there were several difficulties, prominent among them the fact that the Lord Mayor's call upon the Lord Chief Justice is fixed for November 9 (or, if that's a Sunday, the 10th) by Statute, and would take a good deal of unfixing. But some concessions are being made to the grumbliers; it is partly in the hope of saving man-hours, among participants, spectators and City gentlemen, that next Friday's affair

will be shorn of superfluous pageantry and display.

In the old days, before productivity claimed our whole-hearted allegiance, November 9 meant a day's high jinks. House-fronts along the route were draped with banners and tapestries, scaffolding was erected for (and occasionally collapsed under) the spectators, wine flowed in the streets, "wyde men" and "wyffers" danced and threw fireworks to clear the way, with "gyants being twelve foot in height" peering in at the first-floor windows. For a long time the retinue went by river, in startling din and splendour, attended by upwards of fifty bargeloads of gaudy participants and (in 1556, we read) the explosion of seven hundred pounds of gunpowder.

The early entertainments derived from the old miracle and morality plays, the libretto commissioned from the City Poet. Punning tableaux based on the new Lord Mayor's name were another popular feature. In 1432, the year of John Wells, admiring crowds acclaimed the ingenuity of "Mercy, Grace and Pity drawing up wine at three Wells," and in 1616 (John Leman) there swayed into view a towering *lemon-tree*, heavy with gilded fruit, a pelican nestling in its branches. A splendid punning opportunity seems to have been missed in Sir George Waterman's procession of 1671; perhaps it moved by water and this was thought

enough; but the pageant ignored both water and wine (he was a vintner), and concentrated on a forest with animals and wood nymphs, two negroes riding panthers, and an acrobatic display by a Mr. Jacob Hall on a tightrope stretched above the end of Milk Street. There must have been terrible traffic hold-ups that year.

Often the occasion was used for the celebration of national victories and achievements. Banned during the first few years of Cromwell's joyless dictatorship (but, strangely, revived in 1656, when soldiers "saluted the Lord Protector with severall peales of shott") the Show returned to full vigour in 1660, when its pageant "represented a great wood with ye royal oake and historie of His Majesty's miraculous escape at Boscobel." Earlier another sensational return had been marked with a glittering plauditory spectacle—Raleigh's, from his successes in the New World. (But in 1618, on November 9, when the citizens were cheering some other elaborate demonstration, Raleigh was beheaded. "Fame's but a hollow echo; Gold, pure clay; Honour, the darling but of one short day," he had written not long before.) In 1815 Wellington's soldiers marched carrying trophies and souvenirs brought hot from the field of Waterloo. There was a Pageant of Peace in 1919. In 1934 Pickwick, Snodgrass, Tupman, Winkle and Jingle rode in the "Commodore."

Obviously, the standard of invention and presentation has been declining in recent years. There have been one or two attempts to recapture the old splendours, not least successful Sir Frederick Rowland's "Transport Through the Ages" of two years ago. The 1950 theme, Government inspired, of Civil Defence, was all very well, of course. But we, personally, would prefer even the embarrassingly moral spectacle of "Error in a Chariot, with Envy, his champion, eating of a human heart and mounted on a rhinoceros" (1612) to that of the National Blood Transfusion Service Van, however smilingly manned.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

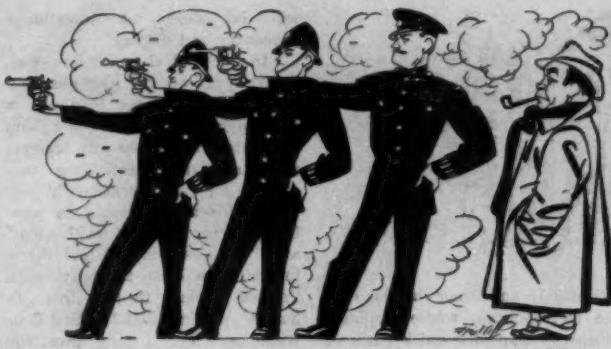


Sir Leslie Bowker
City Remembrancer

AT THE PICTURES

Lady Godiva Rides Again
High Treason

IT would certainly have made a difference to *Lady Godiva Rides Again* (Director: FRANK LAUNDER) if the central part of the simple little beauty queen could have been played by—and written for—an experienced satirical actress; but where will you find an experienced satirical actress who looks like a simple little beauty queen? PAULINE STROUD, who has been a genuine beauty queen and was chosen for this film after a search attended by some publicity, at least looks the part and usually behaves credibly in character, and it is hardly fair to object because she is not able to give more acid to the scenes where more acid would be welcome. In fact, the film, though made with a good deal of wit—some of it not very new—seldom ventures to be as caustic as it might be in a story that touches on several well-known rackets and questionable institutions, from the commercial beauty contest that is rigged beforehand to the cheap so-called "French" revue. The dead hand of the box-office (golden hearts must come out on top and you mustn't really laugh at the qualities most strongly represented in the audience) smothers all attempts at any truly mordant criticism of what are commonly called, with complacent affection, "our foibles." The story



Constabulary Duty
Three unnamed heroes, with Commander Brenner—LIAM REDMOND

in outline is a plain moral tale: innocent girl wins beauty competition, is drawn into the big-city world of commercialized glamour, sees through it, and wishes she had stayed at home. The moral is comfortably cancelled out by the ending, which shows her happily married to a wealthy handsome Australian she would certainly never have met if she had stayed at home. The account of her adventures in the underworld of publicity is amusingly done, with several excellent performances by bit-players (the cast-list is enormous, and even so doesn't name ALLASTAIR SIM, who fires off with gusto a stream of inside jokes about the film industry), but no less pleasing are some unpretentious scenes near the beginning—STANLEY HOLLOWAY, the girl's father, in his newsagent's shop sorting the papers, or painfully composing an indignant letter to the Town Hall. It's an enjoyable little picture that (deliberately) doesn't make the most of its chances.

High Treason (Director: Roy BOULTON) is a good topical thriller roughly in the same category as *Seven Days to Noon*, but it is far more bull-headed both in its "message" and its manner of presenting it, and may tend to make even some of the politically irresponsible feel uneasy. This, I think, is because it is so completely, complacently anti-Russian, in the sense of assuming that everyone

knows that the villains are in the pay of Russia and will take it as a matter of course: one feels "They know that things have got to such a state now that they can say anything," and, justified or not, it is a disconcerting thought—though, of course, Hollywood has done it much more grimly . . . But the film is good, well done, exciting, constantly spiced with moments that invite you not to take it seriously ("Would you say *criminal traitor*? Surely, petty-bourgeois deviationist—"), making admirable use of familiar London backgrounds, and irritating only in its calm incidental implication that interest in modern music and art cannot be less than comic and is probably suspicious.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Of the London shows, the French *Edward and Caroline* (26/9/51) is still the one to be unreservedly recommended. The brilliant *La Ronde* (16/5/51) is in its seventh month. A third French one, neither as brilliant nor as light-hearted as these but full of first-rate things, is *Justice est Faile*. The best non-French one in London I'd say is *Detective Story* (31/10/51): rough stuff, but intensely entertaining.

The new releases don't appeal to me much. Remember the earlier ones *No Highway* (15/8/51), *People Will Talk* (5/9/51) and *He Ran All the Way* (10/10/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



Lady Godiva Rides Again
Miss Lady Godiva of 1951—
PAULINE STROUD

THE COSMIC MESS

YOU can't keep a bad Poll down. As one of the oldest enemies of Dr. G. and his imitators this column insists on saying a few words more upon this dingy theme. After the Election results one would have expected a little reticence among the pollsters. The predicted Conservative lead, in votes, over Labour had ranged from 7 per cent to 4 per cent. In fact, in case you don't read the papers, there was nothing in it. Yet next day we read a high headline in one paper: "TRIUMPH OF GALLUP POLL." The headline had exaggerated, as headlines sometimes do, the text below it: and there the claim was simply that that particular newspaper was "nearer," that is, less erroneous, than the others.

There is one large possibility of error that does not seem to have been discussed by the scientific men. They seem to assume that all the answers they receive are honest answers. Why should they be? There is no compulsion: the answer has no practical effect; and is not, like the electoral X, a chap's last chance. This column may be deplorably "anti-social", but if Dr. Gallup in person came and asked it silly questions it would not dream of giving him honest answers. It would be tempted to say simply: "Doctor, the Ballot is Secret. Go to—the United States." But, if it gave him any answers, they would certainly be the wrong answers. What fun! And how do we know that there are not many more anti-social answerers about? Properly organized, such lying might have great effect. Labour, shall we say, quietly passes the word "Tell 'em you'll vote Tory." (Quite legitimate—we are not yet on our oath in the presence of the Doctor.) The Tory figures go up and up on the graphs, and the Tories become over-confident. What is more, masses of "floating" voters' minds move in the good old British way. They say: "Oh, well, we don't want them to win by *too much*" or "We don't want a *bloated* majority", and they vote Labour. Or they simply "back the under-dog" or "pick an outsider."



"No, that's all right—I wasn't watching the television play."

This column strongly suspects that some of the Liberals have been playing the "Wrong Answer" game: and quite right too. Not long before Election Day one paper ran a special "poll" reserved for citizens who had voted Liberal in the past. The question was: *How will you vote if there are only Conservative and Labour candidates?*

The answers were:

Conservative .. .	29
Socialist .. .	23
Won't vote .. .	20
Don't know .. .	28

Those figures may have been good enough for Gallup: but this column had too much respect for Liberals to swallow them. More than 52 per cent of that once great Party would be able to choose one fork of the road or the other, it thought. It understands that it was right: and it takes off its hat to the gallant twenty-eight "Mind Your Own Business" Liberals.

These doings, no doubt, are valuable in "social and commercial surveys"—"How often do you wash?" or "Do you use Bozo?" But in political affairs, this column still maintains, they should be considered unconstitutional and declared illegal. If they are wrong they may dangerously mislead: and if they were "scientifically" correct there would be no need for expensive elections. The Galluppers could choose the right Member in every constituency without all the fuss and palaver. Until they are put down by the State the best way of busting them seems to be the "Wrong Answer." A.P.H.

2 2

"BEEP FROM CORK"
Daily Mail

Prevents that sinking feeling.

SORRY, NO SLOUGH OF DESPOND

I AM finding it increasingly difficult to read a newspaper, magazine or modern novel—or, for that matter, to engage anyone in light conversation—without being reminded that cigarettes were once ten for sixpence and that good ale could once be bought for threepence a glass. People seem to take a bitter, cruel delight in reminding me what money would buy twenty or thirty years ago. There is a those-were-the-days gleam in their eyes when they mention penny postcards and four-penny pork pies. They annoy me.

Even *The Times*, which does not annoy me (except when the crossword contains anagrams so difficult that those who share my paper ruin it with marginalia), saw fit the other day to introduce a leading article with "There is to be seen in an exhibition in Paris this year a poster advertising a restaurant which early in the century offered a dozen oysters, bread, butter and a bottle of wine for one franc."

In my view such retrospection is deplorable; it encourages the malcontents, supplies them with ammunition. Life, they tell us, is barely worth living. All those born too late to experience the plenty of twenty years ago have missed the boat. Life is nasty, "bullyish," short.

Well, this is a fine way to bring up the new generation, I must say!

Why can't people look on the bright side? Why can't they remind us how lucky we are to be living now instead of twenty years hence. That's why I'm so cheerful: every day I remind myself how lucky I am to be living now instead of twenty years hence.

Everybody notices it. "How the blazes d'you manage to remain so cheerful?" they say, and I tell them that I keep thinking what prices will be like in 1971. "Just imagine it," I say, "beer at three shillings a glass and cigs. at tempecks each!"

I'm not deceiving myself: only the other day a competent economist said that "the upward trend of prices will continue for as far ahead as human wisdom can see," and human wisdom can certainly see as far ahead as 1971. For a number of years now I've made a special study of economic trends, and all my prognostications—well, all those I can remember off-hand—have been proved correct. I forecast that World War II would mean less consumer goods and more armaments, that increased wages would stimulate the demand for retail articles of all kinds, that Social Security would mean increased taxation, and so on. I foresaw inflation: I foresee it still.

Do you really want to know what things will cost in 1971? I

will tell you. But, first, take a deep breath . . .

	£ s. d.
Box of matches	10 (average contents, 27 matches)
Stone drinking trough with reinforced divisions	68 15 0
Wireless licence	5 5 0
Three-quarter billiards table	165 14 0
Platform ticket	6 (or five for a florin)
10 h.p. car	3,250 0 0 (plus P.T. of 26,500)
Four-gallon knapsack sprayer	20 10 3
Bottle of gin	25 19 11
Pressure cooker with trivet and instructions	17 5 0
Governor cart	36 17 8
White flannels	62 18 0 (inside leg 31 inches, waist 42)
Newspaper	1 3 (ex works)
Fletchett arm for sewing-machine	6 6
Roofing felt (yard)	2 18 0
Phone call, local	1 0
Indian linen tea-cloth	3 3 0
One oz. liquorice allsorts	4 6

That's enough, you say! Very well. These figures, I would have you know, are not based on guess-work: they are statistically accurate estimates derived from my sensitive index chart of wholesale and retail prices. Here and there it is just possible that the prices are a ha'penny or so out, but no more. They are the prices that *you will pay* in 1971.

So why not be cheerful? Right now we are living in Easy Street. The pound is worth twenty shillings or two hundred and forty pence, and for a penny we can buy half a box of matches or two-thirds of a newspaper, a fluid ounce of beer, nearly half a cigarette, a penny stamp, a platform ticket . . . It's wonderful, all the things we can buy, really wonderful.

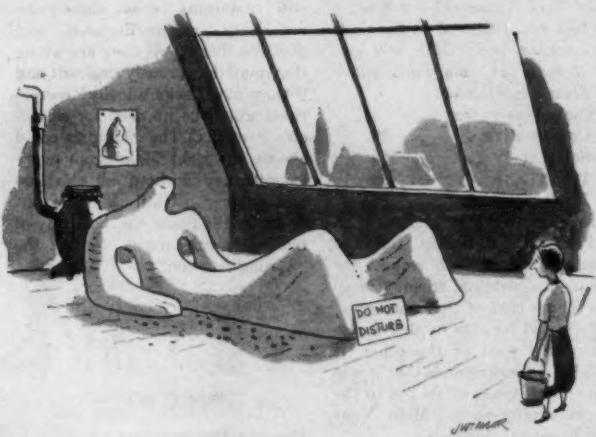
Take my advice and rejoice that we are living at the very dawn of inflation. For a few minutes every day just *think*: think how lucky you are that you can buy at 1951 prices now.

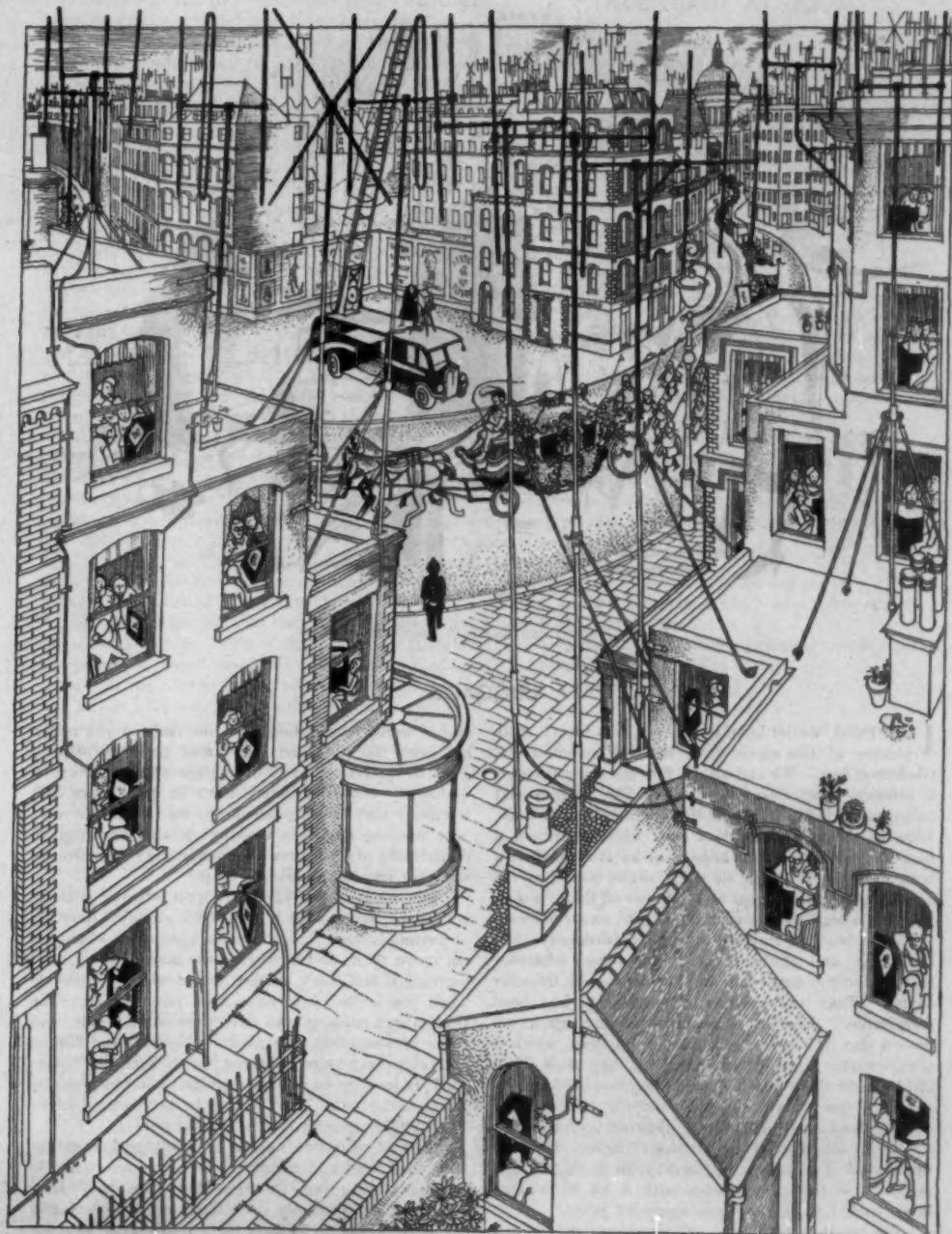
And if that doesn't make you happy try thinking what prices will be like in 1991. Here they are:

Box of matches . . .

Oh, very well then. Of course if you don't *want* to be happy and contented . . .

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD







"I must ring off now and help finish the packing."

LUGGAGE

I SUPPOSE we all have in our minds a pretty clear picture of Gladstone after he had invented the Gladstone bag. We can all see him hurrying through a subway—East Croydon, it looks like to me—and telling himself that, though the handles are not quite what he meant and he does keep fetching himself a blow on the side of his knee, still he is a good deal better off now. And if we think about boxrooms for a moment we can see what he was better off than—a man carrying a big patent-leather trunk with an arched roof.

When was the suitcase invented? Obviously after Gladstone, and obviously after the valise, whatever that is, for you never find an old phrase-book traveller saying "Take my suitcase. The voyage has been formidable." Besides, those of us of any age at all have a dim feeling that suitcases are modern, which is always rather a give-away. Anyhow they made rapid strides, and there is not much difference between the oldest of our present suitcases and the ones we and our lot took back to school, gloating secretly over J. SMITH painted in letters the size of fame. The only other kind of traveller, by the way, to go in for such publicity is the globe-trotter with a lot of wooden boxes and, I hope, the same concealed pride.

We are now on to the canvas hooped trunk, the hold-all—a rug in harness which evolved into the

zipped squishy bag when inventors realized you might not need the rug—and are almost past the attache case, an interesting piece of luggage which shows how diplomacy may be geared down to best shoes and biscuits. And to bring the survey up to date we need only imagine ourselves walking through the luggage department of a big store and comparing it humorously with our own extraordinary team.

But if luggage has kept pace with progress, packing is probably much what it was. It is simply a question of putting enough things in enough suitcases when you get down to it, and of setting the alarm for six next morning if you don't, a stern action which you decide when you wake up to have been pure fussing. The thing about packing is to have time on your side; and those who say that time plods on regardless of human activities don't know anything, for packers, like house-workers keeping to schedule, judge their prospects by whether the clock has decided to keep ahead of or behind their quarter-hourly estimations.

All this, of course, applies to family packers rather than lone week-enders, who, when they are sitting in the bus trying not to remember what they have forgotten, are probably only worrying subconsciously about some bit of frippery they won't wear anyhow. All packers console themselves on their journeys with

the thought that if the worst comes to the worst and they've forgotten absolutely everything they are at least fully dressed. The real luxury packer is the householder going away for one night; he knows to a collar what he wants and is only worried because he's read all the books in the house. There is also the phony packer who fills a suitcase with clothes for the cleaner and takes it for a bus ride. It is always Friday, and the bus is always bound for Waterloo; and the result—the realization that you look as if you're going away for the week-end when you aren't—is faintly and quite unexplainably annoying.

Then there is the packing of rucksacks, which has been brought to such a pitch by helpful newspaper writers that we all know the drill, from the extra socks to the first-aid and the tent, and very cosy reading it is, like all high adventure reduced to a plan. Of course you can use a rucksack just for a picnic, but that is cheating really; you need three paper carriers and a plaited straw bag, and too much lemonade and not enough tea and what turns out to be the right number of sandwiches after all, if only because the sandwich cutter acts as a kind of thermostat, or variable, or whatever the word is for someone who gets either no tomato sandwiches or the lot. The thing about picnic packing is the repacking, which is more than you set out with and has something to do with the surface area of empty bottles and flasks being equal to the surface area of full ones, and something to do with the advantage of method over scrunching.

This brings me back to real luggage-packing and the making of lists. This is usually the attribute of one particular friend or relation and goes with store-cupboards and always having the right kind of string. But in our mild way we all enjoy making a packing-list, because clothes written down tend to look so well-planned and new; and, apart from the obvious use of these lists as naggers, there is their souvenir value when you find them in your pocket weeks later.

And this brings me to the nostalgic quality of unpacking; especially when you get home. For here in the space of a few densely compressed suitcases is the world as it was only that morning, from the page of the local paper to the shells in the bag with the holiday grocer's name on.

ANDE

NOCTURNE AT NOON

BECAUSE I make them see
what their own eyes would show them, did they but
make use of what God's given them,
I am free
to use ten thousand eyes that are not mine.
Mine is the multiplex vision of poetry.
I see, through the eyes of Keats, delightedly,
the beaded bubbles winking in the wine—
or, making use of Marlowe's half-divine,
see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament.

What though the gates of sight are partly shut?

The shepherd talks to me, and he will tell
of the fox's pads, dew-printed on bare rock
to show which way, and when,
he crossed the fell.

The ploughman, who, as Edward Thomas said,
can see a crow a mile away, will set
his ancient craft before me in slow speech
so that I see the size and shape of the field,
the way the scored seams fall in the early light:
chocolate-brown, clay-yellow, black, or red.
Sailors will tell me of sea-horses swimming
upright in the mouth of the Tagus, off Lisbon,
minute, and comic;
of the ice-blank rimming
both Poles. Or, if I talk to an engineer,
I can see the precisely-ordered wave, deep-bitten
the bright-shaved steel,
the thousandth-of-an-inch-measured beauty of a
wormgear
being turned on a lathe.

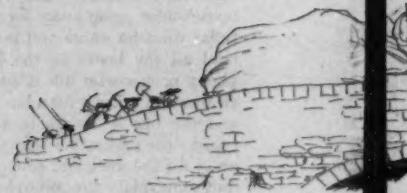
The weaver makes me see the waterfall
of threads in the loom-gate:
every craft and trade
offers, in sympathy, its eyes to me
for that I scarce distinguish light from shade.

So, to return such charity, I try
to show the clear, insensitive of eye
the world around them, of a like charity.

R. C. SCRIVEN



MOON-TA MOON



THE GENERAL

*"Had you seen these roads before they were made
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade."*

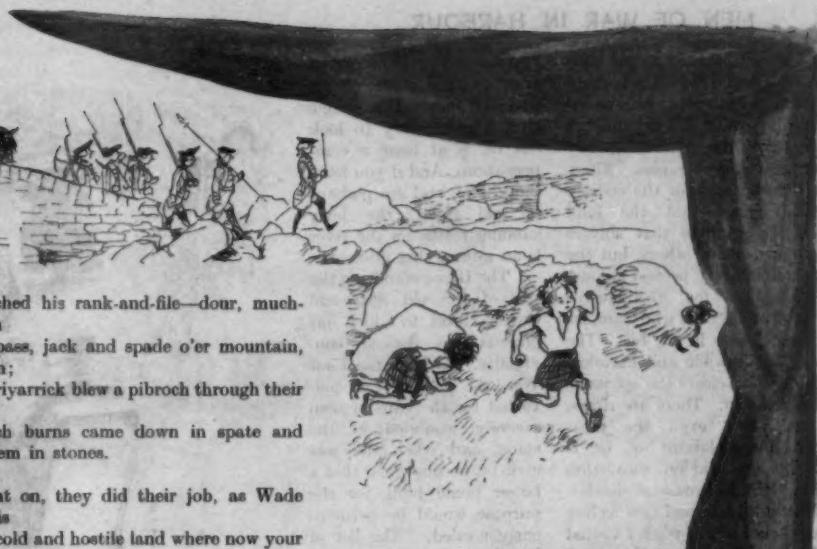
Roadside inscription

YE visitors to Scotland who bustle to and fro,
Whose cars go roaring up the Lecht and whizzing
down Glencoe,
For whom Drumochter holds no fears—pray spare a
passing thought
For the man who started Highland roads when Highland
roads were naught.

When George the First adorned the throne and General
Wade took on,
No man could drive a common cart 'twixt Spean Bridge
and Don;
But the General left his ten-score miles, metalled and
drained and set,
And forty bridges to his name. (You'll see them
standing yet.)

His Scotland was a trackless waste, a vast uncharted
lump,
With neither depot, station, stores, replacement-shops
or dump;
And instead of multi-starred hotels with "Welcome"
on the gate
Were hordes of Highland caterans who viewed his
works with hate.





Behind him marched his rank-and-file—dour, much-enduring men
Who carried compass, jack and spade o'er mountain,
moor and glen;
The winds off Corriyarrick blew a pibroch through their
bones,
And the Badenoch burns came down in spate and
smothered them in stones.

But the road went on, they did their job, as Wade
himself did his
In that cheerless, cold and hostile land where now your
pleasure is;
A smoother surface bears, no doubt, your 1950 car—
But the lines you follow, friends, are Wade's, from
Appin to Braemar.

A roving Irish warrior, a lad o' parts was he;
Let all who take the Highland roads salute his memory;
And as you toss the miles behind from Perth to
Inverness,
Do as the old saw tells you to: lift up your hands and
bless.

H. B.



MEN OF WAR IN HARBOUR

IT has always seemed to me that grousing has been too harshly condemned by moralists who would have us all perfect. To my mind it should take its place logically among the other therapies. There is much to be said for the strictly medicinal grouse—not the loud unmannerly grumble that shivers the contentment of others, but the private sublimatory protest against such things as fog, the elusive collar-stud and the oaf who tramples on our new shoes in the bus. The firing of an invisible and harmless broadside often clears the spirits as nothing else can. There are times, however, when even the most sturdily uncomplaisant of us is struck by the sudden conviction that his right to grouse is slender, and I have seldom had this feeling so overwhelmingly as when I visited the Star and Garter Home at Richmond for disabled sailors, soldiers and airmen. To stand by the bedside of a man whose only means of expression for over thirty years has been the flickering of his eyelids, and to be told of another who paints creditable pictures holding a brush between his teeth compels a rapid revision of one's own small dissatisfactions.

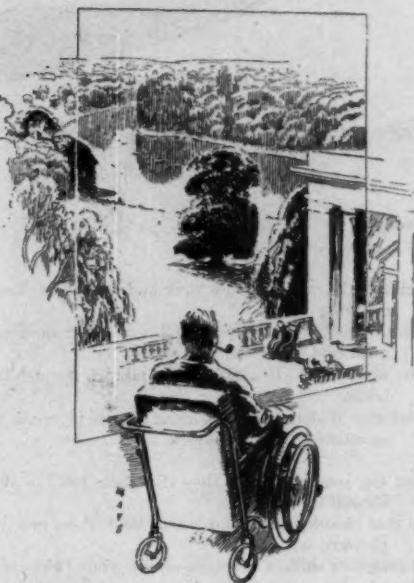
By a stroke of imagination for which everyone concerned should for ever be praised, the Home stands in one of the finest positions in England, built into the very top of Richmond Hill and facing down the slope to the lovely loop of the Thames made famous by generations of artists. If



you are to spend the rest of your life in bed, as some of the patients must, this magic stretch of country to look out on is at least a compensation. And if you have binoculars, and are perhaps an old sailor, the busy summer traffic on the river is an unwearying interest.

The Home stands on the site of the old Star and Garter Hotel, to which our grandfathers flocked convivially. Early in the First War the Hotel was converted for the care of men severely wounded in the spine, and when the war ended it became clear that a larger home built for the purpose would be permanently needed. The list of benefactions that runs right through the history of the Home is so remarkable that it would be unfair to mention only one or two, but the exception which must be recorded is that the money for the construction of the new Home was largely subscribed by the women of Britain and the Empire, whose special war memorial it is.

A vast E-shaped neo-Georgian building in pleasant red brick, it was opened in 1924 by King George V and Queen Mary, the latter remaining its Patron and enthusiastic champion. When you enter its wide doors—the whole Home was designed in terms of the wheel-chair—you wonder if you have blundered on a modern town hall or on an exceptionally spacious hotel. All the rooms are high, and so far as possible their focus is on the southwest, towards the Thames. Because the Home is laid into the slope, its large terrace garden and some of its public rooms are below the level of the road, but on the ground floor at the back is a long wide balcony jutting out at either end over arcades. Space and light are what strike you constantly, and for the narrowed lives of these men they are all-important. Some of the residents—the worst cases—are in



wards as perfect as could be imagined. Each bed has rail-curtains for privacy, and earphones; TV is installed, and flowers abound. Other men, better able to look after themselves, have their own comfortable rooms, well furnished and, with hot-and-cold basins. For these luckier ones there are all the amenities of a club: a dining-room (wheel-chairs fit into the table), a fine mess-room big enough to dwarf a stage, a TV grotto, a billiard-room, and indeed everything you could think of. Wherever you go the institutional aspect is



mercifully avoided, and the emphasis is on home in its true sense.

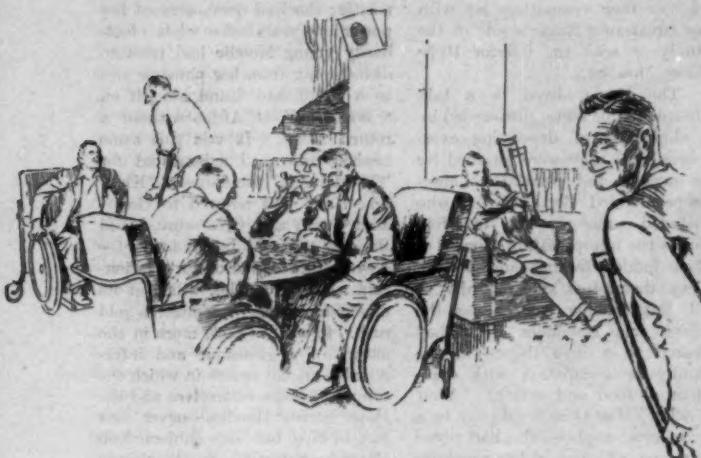
When the new building was opened the original qualification

For some, hope is actual; a few are patched up sufficiently to rejoin their families. Everything in its notably human organization (the

the routine of radio, talk and games is broken by cinema shows, music and visits from the professional theatre, by photography and stamp-collecting. The Male Voice Quartet has won first prize at the London Music Festival. There is a good library. The local pub is seldom without its wheeled contingent. More and more of the most active men now own the cars and electric chairs specially designed for the disabled, and in these they are free to go to London when they wish. Absolute freedom within medical limits is the Star and Garter creed, and in the summer various societies take parties of the men for outings.

It is easy to leave Richmond more impressed by their pleasures than by their suffering. Only afterwards can we realize how deep is the tragedy that is being kept tenaciously at bay. Then in full measure comes gratitude to those who planned and those who run this Home. Among its most loyal subscribers are Old Age Pensioners. Apart from a small grant for special Ministry cases it depends entirely on the public. Every day costs of upkeep are mounting, and that is a problem which the governing body faces with growing anxiety.

ERIC KEOWN



was widened. It still takes large numbers of spinal cases, but barring certain specific diseases for which it is not fitted it accepts to its limit any disabled ex-Serviceman. The present total is nearly one hundred and seventy, of whom forty-six were wounded in the Second War. That there are not more younger men is due to the great advance in early treatment made during the last twenty-five years. Not all the residents are war cases. An ex-Serviceman permanently disabled in peace-time is still eligible, even if he is not in receipt of a pension. All these men are cared for by a Commandant, who is a doctor, and by a mixed staff of nurses (some of whom live next door in the recently converted Wick House, an eighteenth-century gem which belonged to Joshua Reynolds) and male orderlies. A panel of outside specialists is available, and the Home is equipped as a complete medical unit, with its own up-to-date operating theatre, pathological laboratory and gymnasium.

The lives the men can lead vary very much, but for all of them I think the Home represents the difference between hope and despair.

Commandant has a hatred of rules which must seem unbelievable to anyone arriving from a Service hospital) is designed to help each patient make the very most of whatever is left to him. Often that is very little; sometimes only one limb, or a pair of eager eyes in a body that has not moved since Passchendaele. And yet the spirit of these undaunted men is so wonderful that one cannot easily write about it.

Constant attention and kindness are all that can be given to the most severe cases. But those who can use a wheel-chair live busily and usefully. In well-fitted workshops instructors teach them all sorts of crafts, which they can then ply for their own profit. Watch-repairing and the making of socks, baskets and toys are only a few of their activities; standards are so high that the public has learned it is not charity but good business to buy from them. Psychologically this work is invaluable; and so are games. Wheel-chair table-tennis and netball, archery and billiards are all keenly followed. In the solid community life of the Star and Garter sociability seems endless, but



HERBERT'S DAY

"A MOODIE," my Great-aunt Susan was in the habit of remarking firmly, "should be able to eat what is set before him, provided that it is wholesome," and one of the sources of discontent between Great-aunt Susan and her daughter, my Auntie George, was the latter's inability to eat anything containing currants. The word *allergy* had still to arrive to deepen my great-aunt's mistrust of modern medical practice, and though the nettle-rah, palpitations, and fits of giddiness which the currants induced in Auntie George were too violent to be entirely ignored, Great-aunt Susan tended to regard them as symptoms of faddishness and self-indulgence rather than signs of a more physical malaise. It was only after the disaster at "Klondike," the home of my great-great-uncles, that she gave up trying to catch Auntie George out by slipping an odd one into her Irish stew.

My great-great-uncles, Obadiah and Horatio Moodie, were known simply as The Uncles, and they were so old that even Great-aunt Susan lowered her voice when speaking of them and of the enormous quantities of Moodie wealth which they were known to have tucked away in various banks, joint-stock companies, mattresses and old

socks. And so obscured was their origin in the mists of time that no one could say with any certainty whether their sympathies lay with my Great-aunt Susan's side of the family or with the inferior Hope Street Moodies.

The Uncles lived in a tall, uncomfortable house surrounded by a shrubbery of depressing evergreens, and they were guarded by an ancient and emaciated housekeeper named Bertha Grue, who included amongst her manifold duties the interpretation of most of their hidden feelings and desires. They themselves spoke hardly at all, but, looking back across the years, one concludes that they shared to a high degree in the family pre-occupation with questions of food and eating. "Your Uncles," Miss Grue would say to a great-great-nephew who had toyed overlong with one of her weightier culinary masterpieces, "will know what to think about a little boy who is saucy with his victuals," and this would be the signal for the discharge of wordless threats from all sides of the table save that of the Uncles, who, by dint of long practice, were able to stow away the appalling steamed pudding in a state of near oblivion.

Whether Bertha Grue voiced the Uncles' thoughts, or merely put ideas into their heads, didn't really matter; she had demonstrated her power long years before when a foolhardy young Moodie had tried to dislodge her from her pinnacle and as a result had found himself on a boat to West Africa without a return ticket. It was this same nephew who had substituted for "The Laurels" the name of "Klondike" and had referred to Great-aunt Susan and Great-aunt Maud Bang as the gold-diggers-in-chief—a cynical distortion of our relationship with the Uncles, which at its most intense never resembled a gold rush. It was, in fact, more in the nature of a grotesque and interminable cricket match in which the competing sides—ourselves and the Hope Street Moodies—never met face to face, but were subjected on alternate Saturdays to the demon bowling of Bertha Grue.

Our team, on the occasion I recall, consisted of Great-aunt Susan, her daughters Clara and George, my three-year-old Cousin Herbert, and myself. We arrived as usual at noon, and the half-hour before dinner was spent in listening to a summary of the previous weekend's play. "Maud was over on Saturday," Miss Grue began, in her high cracked voice, "with Sylvester and his wife and little Nora. Arthur was bilious again and had to be left at home. Your Uncles always said he was weaned too early. We had a nice dinner: boiled mutton with turnips in white sauce and suet pudding to follow. I forgot whether you said Sylvester couldn't eat turnips. Little Nora only managed one helping of pudding and had to be taken upstairs. She recited the 'Loss of the Birkenhead,' but she broke down in the middle. They left soon after tea. I thought Maud looked tired . . ."

We listened to the grim recital, Great-aunt Susan mentally totting up the score against the Bangs; then we moved into the dining-room where the Uncles were already seated on the warm side of the massive table. Greetings were

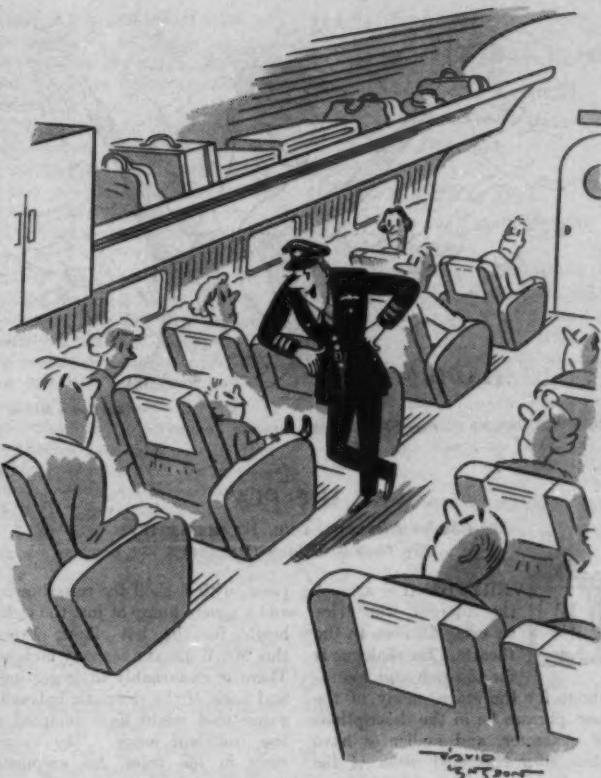


exchanged and we sat down, Miss Grue with her back to the light, and the rest of us ranged around in positions of maximum disadvantage. As it happened, dinner went well. Aunt Clara talked entertainingly about marine-tunnelling; nobody giggled at the noise the Uncles made over their leek-soup, and nobody had to be asked to pass them the condiments; Cousin Herbert scored a personal triumph by eating three helpings of the under-cooked bread-and-butter pudding; and Auntie George contrived, undetected, to transfer her whole plateful, currants and all, into the small sponge-bag disguised as a reticule which she carried for the purpose.

The afternoon slid by equally without blemish, and when tea-time arrived Great-aunt Susan was flushed and beaming with premature triumph. Tea was customarily a fairly safe affair of bread thinly scraped with butter, a few scones, and a Madeira cake. Points could only be lost by declining the bread-and-butter, and might actually be gained for refusing the cake, which would in the course of time provide the basis of one of Bertha Grue's incongruously misnamed trifles.

On this occasion it seemed safer than ever; for, when the rickety cake-stand was brought in, only its top shelf was occupied, with a plate of bread-and-butter. We ate the musty slabs with murmurs of pleasure, and even Bertha Grue seemed to share in the general glow of simple happiness. When the last piece had been consumed, she surveyed us all with the nearest she ever came to a smile: "Now!" she croaked. "Your Uncles have a treat for people who eat their bread-and-butter!" She left the room and our hearts sank, plumbing the depths as she returned bearing a plate unmistakably full of Eccles cakes. "Maud said how much you liked them!" she cackled, thrusting the plate under Auntie George's nose.

It was one of those rare and pregnant moments of decision, when history is visibly, audibly and irrevocably made. Auntie George faltered beneath the stupendous



"Would you like to take a turn at
the controls, b'm? How about it? . . ."

load of unspoken adjuration; she grasped a shiny cake, raised it to her lips, bit into the fatal mess of currants, and fell to the floor in a dead faint. All was confusion and cries of "Smelling salts!" Miss Grue sank into a chair, and the Uncles tottered out of theirs. But it was really my Cousin Herbert's day. "Thmelling thaits!" he lisped. "They're in her bag!" and, picking up the reticule, he fumbled with the clasp, opened it, and emptied the congealed mass of bread-and-butter pudding all over Auntie George. There was a ghastly silence, and then the Uncles spoke, plaintively and in unison: "Miss Grue," they said unhappily, "what is the child doing to his aunt?"

CHRISTMAS CARDS

ONCE again Mr. Punch wishes to commend to his readers the calendars and Christmas cards published by the Grenfell Society in aid of their Mission to the Labrador fishermen.

In addition to the heavy expenses of day-to-day working, a further sum has to be raised urgently for building a sanatorium and a new school.

The cards and calendars, which range in price from 3d. to 1s. 3d., are described in an illustrated leaflet which can be had, for 1d., from The Secretary, The Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.



Percy Piggott—MR. GEORGE FORMBY

[Zip Goes a Million]

AT THE PLAY

*Charles Dickens (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)
Zip Goes a Million (PALACE)*

EVERYTHING is against the adaptor who tries to bring Dickens to the theatre. The dialogue is far too rich and round-about for the stage, many of the best phrases lie in the descriptions of character, and audiences have their own cherished ideas of the people, which an actor is almost bound to shatter. Dickens himself found the right way out in his enormously popular readings. They were not readings at all, but skilful declamations by the author; and now Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS follows him faithfully, giving an evening's impersonation of Dickens in a solo performance of six scenes. This experiment comes off with such extraordinary success that one hopes the two-week season at Hammersmith will be extended in the West End.

Mr. WILLIAMS is made up as Dickens, and it is not a bad portrait. Without much difficulty one can believe that the dignified figure in Victorian tails who lays down his white gloves and calmly sips a glass of water is Dickens. The reading desk is a copy of the original, an eccentric piece of carpentry draped in red woollens like a seaside mantel-

piece, with a shelf for refreshment and a square hump at just the right height for the left elbow. From this Mr. WILLIAMS scarcely budges. There is remarkably little gesture, and none of the dramatic extravagance that might have tempted a less confident actor. The magic rests in his voice, his exquisite timing, and the eloquent small movements of his face. He is of course word-perfect, and although now and then for effect he turns a page, in fact he faces the audience almost all the time. In two and a half hours he gives us, superbly, Dickens in a sweeping range of mood: the Podsnaps, an outline of Paul Dombey, Bob Sawyer's party to Mr. Pickwick that was wrecked by Mrs. Raddle, the signalman from "Christmas Stories," Mr. Chops the dwarf, and the grim episode from "A Tale of Two Cities" in which the child is run over. The adaptations are sensible. Only an actor of the widest versatility could convey the undimmed humanity of Dickens as Mr. WILLIAMS does, and it is worth noting that the dry delivery with which he treats the sentimental passages seems to bridge the long gap in literary fashion. If I had to cut one of the six scenes it would be

Bob Sawyer's, a rather flat bit of Pickwick.

Zip Goes a Million, descended from "Brewster's Millions," is a British-made musical in which, no doubt influenced by market research, Mr. ERIC MASCHWITZ has borrowed ideas from America. There is little wit but abundant high spirits, Mr. GEORGE POSFORD's tunes are lively, and Mr. CHARLES HICKMAN keeps a large cast nimble on the move. Miss SARA GREGORY, Miss BARBARA PERRY and Mr. WARDE DONOVAN make a good team, but everything finally depends on how much you care for Mr. GEORGE FORMBY. Apart from his miraculous ukulele his main asset is his smile, as vital to his art as her legs to Mistinguett's. He has the childishly winning face of the dream policeman we would wish to find sorrowing over the car we parked yesterday. Is that enough to shore up a whole evening? I slightly doubt it.

Recommended

The best current production of a classic is *The Winter's Tale* (Phoenix), with John Gielgud, Diana Wynyard, Flora Robson. The best musical, *Kiss Me, Kate* (Coliseum), and the best jet of social acid, *The Lyric Revue* (Globe).

ERIC KEOWN



Charles Dickens—MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS

I SAID TO MYSELF

I SAID to myself, If we reach that lamp-post before the lorry comes level I'll catch that train. The driver's back was stolidly unmoved, but he put his foot down hard as we came round the curve. There was an answering roar from the lorry. It was gaining on us fast when the milk-float appeared ahead. It had to give way, and the threatening radiator fell back out of sight with a squeal of brakes.

I wasn't sure. It wasn't a clear decision with outside intervention like that. I began to work forward to the edge of my seat again.

The man across the gangway lowered the paper he had just picked up and stared ahead. I said to myself, If we get across the lights before they change, the train will still be in. There was a baker's van ahead, going our way. They shouldn't allow horse-drawn traffic. We were going strong for the line when the amber light came on. The driver's neck seemed to bulge slightly. We hurtled across, and I let my breath go.

There was a faint answering sibilant from the other side of the bus. I looked at him. He had a black hat and haunted eyes which held mine for a second. He picked up his paper, which was on the floor, and began to read.

We turned down a sort of avenue. There were chestnuts, and some fool had put in sycamores at not quite regular intervals. I looked at my watch and began to count. I said to myself, If there's another sycamore by the time I count twenty it will be all right.

I had reached twelve when the paper rustled to the ground. I turned my head; still counting. His eyes were closed, but his lips moved regularly.

He counted quicker than I did. His eyes snapped open when I was only nineteen. The sycamore must have been touch and go with him.

I thought, Funny. I wonder if he's going to London? I said to myself, If he's going to London we'll get that train. We said simultaneously "Going to London!" and waited piteously for each other's

reply. A touch of colour came into his cheeks as we began our nod. He stooped and picked up his paper, and the driver swung the bus into the station yard.

The train was running twenty minutes late. We fell into step along the flagstones of the platform. I said out of the corner of my mouth "Been doing this long?" He nodded, but kept his eyes on the ground. I said "Come and have a drink?" He shook his head without moving his eyes, like a man on a tight-rope. I turned and looked steadily at the blue-black splash of the ink advertisement, broke step and stopped. I could feel the line through the sole of my shoe. It was wonderful.

I turned into the bar as he went off along the platform. He stepped delicately and tensely between the lines. He was a warning all right.

I said to the girl "Whisky, please." There was no bottle visible, and I wondered what brand it would be. Most probably Red Angus. I looked at my watch again; twenty minutes was a bit much. I said to myself, If it's Red Angus I'll get there in time.

The careful footsteps came back along the platform and hesitated outside. The girl produced the bottle as his head came round the door. "It's Red Angus," I said. He nodded and withdrew.

P. M. HUBBARD

MACHINE FOR MOVING INTO

If I were a modern architect
I should like to pull down and
re-erect

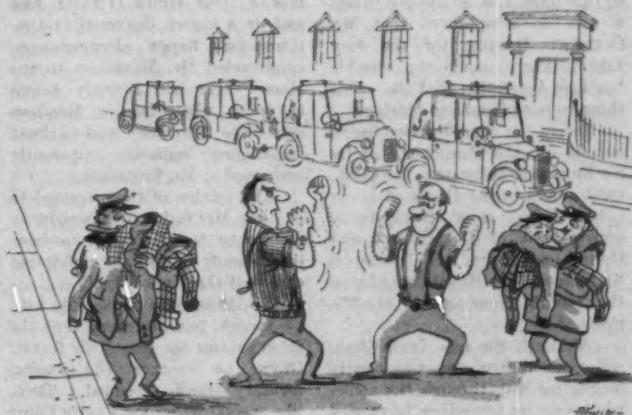
A certain obsolete
Message in Downing Street.
It would give me intense pleasure
To spend my leisure
Hours in designing the fixtures—
Such as concealed cabinets for
smoking-mixtures

In which
At the touch of a switch
The tobacco-jars
Could be instantly converted into
boxes for cigars

(And vice versa).
I should also bend my mind
To the devising of a kind
Of spring
Thing

To hang by the bed
So that the Blue Room could be
changed to Red
(And vice versa) in a twinkling.
And I have more than an
inkling
That one gadget is urgently needed,
and that's
An extensible rack for hats.

E. V. MILNER





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Wednesday, October 31

Much (as the serial-story writers say) has happened since last these Impressions were published. There

Both Houses:
First Meeting

has been, for instance, a General Election, and so to-day, when the House of Commons assembled, everything had that Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass appearance the House of Commons has after a change of Government. Everybody, Messrs. CHURCHILL and ATTLEE included, seemed to be sitting in someone else's seat.

The House was in a mood which your scribe hopes is to be unique in the life of Parliament. Instead of the all-boys-together atmosphere usual when a new Speaker is to be elected there was an undercurrent—and sometimes a full flood—of angry muttering.

For, as Members assembled, it became known that, for the first time for some fifty-six years, there was to be a contest for the Speakership. Apparently something had gone wrong behind the scenes. Normally, as Mr. CHURCHILL said, in an intervention that—for once—matched the general atmosphere of jumble and mix-up, these things are arranged quietly and with general agreement and approval before anything is said in public. But not so this time, and eventually things became so complicated that Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, for the tiny Liberal Party, made the sensible but vain suggestion that the whole thing be put off until to-morrow.

Before the complications began to pile up, the Commons, led by Sir FREDERIC METCALFE, the Clerk, went across to the House of Lords (where the same topsy-turvy arrangement of Government and Opposition benches was observable) to receive from a Royal Commission the KING's command to elect a Speaker.

Although the new Lord Chancellor, Lord SIMONDS, was clearly feeling his way through the somewhat complex procedure, he carried

it off with the quiet dignity expected of so experienced a Judge. He announced that, as the KING did not find it convenient to be present, he had ordered a Royal Commission to pass on the instruction to the Commons to elect their Speaker.

Back went the Commons to their own House, which was crowded as it has seldom been. Sitting in a front bench seat reserved for Speakers-elect was Major JAMES MILNER, Chairman of Ways and Means in the last Parliament. And, across the House, on a third bench,



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. W. S. Morrison, K.C.
Mr. Speaker-elect

sat Mr. WILLIAM "Shakespeare" MORRISON, also in formal morning dress.

It was soon painfully clear that there was to be a contest for the highest honour the House can bestow. Sir HUGH O'NEILL rose and, in a speech delivered in anything but happy circumstances, commended Mr. MORRISON to the House. He had scarcely begun to speak when Labour Members started to "barrack" and to shout disparaging remarks, apparently addressed to Mr. CHURCHILL.

The burden of them seemed to be that Mr. CHURCHILL sought to dictate to the House on an issue traditionally left to the unfettered choice of the House itself.

Sir HUGH went on placidly with his speech, pausing every time the noise became too great. Sir RALPH GLYN, as another Old Parliamentary Hand, seconded. Then, like spectators on the Centre Court

at Wimbledon, Members and strangers alike swung their eyes to Mr. VIANTE, who stood up on the Labour benches and proposed Major MILNER, in a speech of studied calm. He said the Major had served a sixteen-years' apprenticeship to the Chair, as occupant of less exalted Chairs of the House and its Committees. Mr. LOGAN seconded.

After Mr. CHURCHILL, Mr. EDEN and Mr. ATTLEE had all joined in a singularly unclear account of the private talks that had preceded the meeting of the House, Mr. WILLIAM MORRISON rose and, as tradition demands, dispassionately submitted himself to the will of the House. Major MILNER, with equal dignity, did the same, assuring the House that, if it did choose him, he would seek to uphold the best traditions of the office.

And so to the most painful item of all—a division on the merits of the two "well-respected Members," as Mr. CHURCHILL called them. Mr. MORRISON and Major MILNER hurried from their seats to meet in the middle of the Floor with a warm, sporting handshake. Then—again, obeying tradition—Major MILNER voted, with a crowd of Government supporters, for his rival. Mr. MORRISON voted against himself and therefore, inferentially, for the Major.

But it never got as far as a vote on the merits of Major MILNER. Mr. MORRISON's candidature was endorsed by the House by 318 votes to 251.

Sir HUGH and Sir RALPH advanced menacingly on their "victim," who made the customary show of reluctance to approach the Chair. Once there, Mr. WILLIAM SHEPHERD MORRISON (for his affectionate nickname will now be heard no more) paused to return thanks. And the loudest cheer of encouragement came from Major MILNER.

That, again, was the upholding of an honourable tradition of the House. And it was characteristic of the Major.



"Don't just stand there. Go and kill something for lunch."

LIGHTING THE FIRE

MY husband said that as there were only a few sticks of wood left he had better light the fire himself.

I said I could do it.

He thought I would be wise to leave it to him. Ever since his Boy Scout days he had had a way with fires, and I might do worse than look on and profit by his experience.

I said I was busy.

He stipulated that the first essential was to place a large lump of coal at either side of the grate. This concentrated the fire in the centre—a point I might remember.

I said I'd try.

He indicated that he liked to screw the paper into tight little balls, as it burnt much longer that way. He personally preferred the *Radio Times* for the job, as the pages were just the right size, but he supposed any other paper would do.

I said it seemed probable.

He stated that with regard to the wood he was a devotee of the criss-cross method, which he found infinitely superior to the tent construction used by some people.

I said I was one of them.

He informed me that he had lately developed another little idea, which he believed to be quite original. It consisted of vertically wedging in sticks of wood, thus forcing the flames to rise. They reminded him of Doric Pillars. Cr was it Ionic?

I said I was cold.

He reflected that altogether the laying of a fire was closely akin to architecture. In both spheres the sound foundation and careful structure were the infallible means to a successful end. In fact, in its own way, a well-laid fire was as perfect as a Gothic edifice.

I said Perpendicular or Decorated?

He said it only remained now to

place a few small, well-chosen lumps of coal on to the wood. He thought I made my biggest mistake in putting such large pieces on at the start.

I said I'd get a match.

He asked me to observe the way the flames were leaping upwards. Any moment now they would ignite the wood.

I said that should be nice.

He imagined that the wood had got rather damp during the summer. It didn't seem to be catching as well as usual.

I said I had only bought it yesterday.

He requested me to open the door, as it was impossible to get a fire going without a good strong draught.

I said I didn't want the other rooms filled with smoke.

He said that now he'd done the spade-work perhaps I'd like to take over.

I said I'd get the electric fire.

BOOKING OFFICE

Rich Mixture

IN *They Came to a Mountain* Miss Pat Miles describes the relations of a group of people delayed by snow in the Himalayas on their way to Srinagar. The period is the winter after the transfer of power and soon after the fighting in Kashmir has broken out. An apparently casual mixture of conversations, incomplete incidents and amorous episodes builds up into a convincing picture of the New India. The weakness of the novel is that, setting out to deal with both personal relations and historical forces, it shears off the characters' pasts. Previous activities are referred to but they have left no trace. As in an early Huxley, people talk or make love unencumbered by a living past. The love affair between the mildly Communist novelist and the Indian dancer, who is married to a leading worker for The Cause, is an interruption. One does not much mind what happens to them, while one cares very much what happens in the conflict of Hindu and Moslem, of Nationalism and Imperialism, of Left and Right.

Miss Miles makes comprehensible and exciting the various possibilities before India. Miss Helen MacInnes sees the American future in simpler terms. There is the American Way of Life and there is the Red Menace. *Neither Five nor Three* is in the main a good thriller,

set against a background of family life in New York. Most of the characters are hard-working, kindly, good at their jobs and satisfied with the comfort of their daily existence. We see the Communists penetrating into the magazine world, luring young students to parties where they are flattered into becoming victims, and carrying out the orders of their foreign masters despite the unsuitability of the imposed programme. If all Communists were as inefficient as the villains of this melodrama there would be nothing much for anybody to worry about. It is, perhaps, a pity that Miss MacInnes did not keep her story throughout on the thriller level she understands so well. Once she attempts to include serious political discussion she commits herself to writing a completely different kind of novel, for which she has not the grasp of political theory. This is Communism seen from behind the shelter of a newspaper, terrifying, unintelligible and defeatable by the simple process of "waking up to the dangers."

Mr. Maurice Edelman knows a good deal about politics. He has been a foreign correspondent and an M.P. His first novel, *A Trial of Love*, is about Algiers during the later stages of the war. The characters are journalists, Public Relations Officers, Ministers, Generals, Pétainists and cocktail-party guests. It is a very intelligent entertainment, expertly written, smoothly surfaced, agreeably malicious. It is a comic political novel and Mr. Edelman knows enough about people and politics to make the comedy sting. One races through, scarcely noticing the lessons; but they sink in all the deeper. While I was reading it I was absorbed by the action and the characters; looking back, I remember chiefly the historical pattern.

The stock criticism of this kind of novel is that it is slick. I can never understand why this should be a fault. If the narrative carries you smoothly and swiftly along, the first principle of story-telling has been observed. It is untrue that unless the effort is obvious the author's penetration is superficial, that he skims over the surface of life. Most good novels are readable, after all. Mr. Edelman paints the top of the iceberg; but the base is there all right.

Sir Alan Herbert dislikes psychiatrists and bureaucracy. He likes the Navy, country houses and the uninhibited young. When the Civil Service dispossesses a Noble Owner who is also an admiral and uses his home for selecting Civil Service candidates by terrifying tests, fun results. *Number Nine* is cheerfully unfair to psychiatry, grudgingly fair to the other methods of testing and loudly approving of the methods traditional in the Services. This admirably written charade has some first-rate comic ideas. All of it will appeal to some readers and some of it to all readers. Like other satirical farces, it has a curious remoteness from the thing satirized, and it would be more deadly if the author showed a closer acquaintance with his targets. However, it is intended to mock, not to kill.

R. G. G. PRICE



Gunpowder Treason

Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson has revived a theory, propounded many years ago but with little acceptance, that the sensational affair known as *The Gunpowder Plot* was instigated and directed to its dénouement by that accomplished politician Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, bent on the final discomfiture of the English Roman Catholics. Much of his argument is admittedly based on conjecture, and he has not conclusively established his main contention, that Thomas Winter's confession, as we have it, is a forgery. His case, indeed, though it is presented with skill, might have appeared stronger had not his *parti pris* been everywhere so evident: his assertion that the effect of the plot "was the virtual extinction of Roman Catholicism in England" is endorsed by neither Mr. Belloc nor Archbishop Mathew. But he has retold the old story very well indeed, making the actors in it living men, and setting it in its due relation to the position and condition of the recusants and the activities of the missionary priests.

F. B.

Charlatan, or Man of the Hour?

Mention of the "Proms" conjures up a vision of the genial Sir Henry Wood, for so long their presiding genius. Mr. Adam Carse, in his essay *The Life of Jullien*, begs consideration of another figure who he claims was responsible for the initial impetus that launched the idea of a promenade concert-cum-entertainment at which dances, popular pieces and symphonies were heterogeneously and happily commingled. Much misunderstanding surrounds Jullien's life; he was called charlatan and quack, and even Mr. Punch (with whom he was a favourite subject) darkly hinted that he had better not leave his "stew-pans and meat-oven to make a fricassee of the great Beet-hoven!" But the very attention paid him by many responsible journals is proof of his influence, and whether or no he actually introduced a box of dried peas into the "Pastoral" Symphony to heighten the storm effect, his meteoric personality certainly illuminated early Victorian musical life. He may have spent too much time writing waltzes and quadrilles, but a good quadrille is surely better than a second-rate symphony.

J. D.

Penguin Pemmican

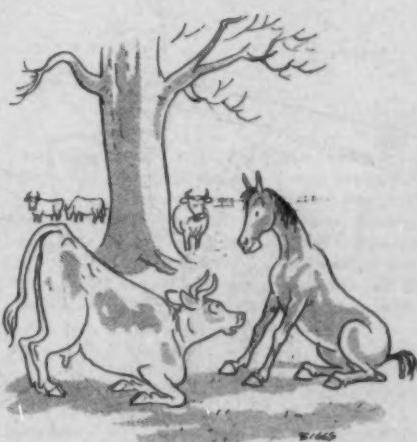
Middlesex is the third of a new Penguin series in which the indefatigable and multiacient Dr. Pevsner plans to cover, county by county, the notable *Buildings of England*, ecclesiastical and secular, grand and modest, new and old. Middlesex is relatively poor in architectural treasure: yet—and in a brief review statistical analysis can best convey this little book's scope and value—over 300 architects and artists, many of them recent or contemporary, are referred to in the text; there are 64 plates well printed from clear photographs. Hampton Court is the star turn, claiming 20 of the 200 pages and 13 of the illustrations, and is analysed with

almost dismaying thoroughness. Syon House, Osterley Park, Strawberry Hill and Pitshanger Manor are among the houses examined in detail. A glossary of terms occupies 36 columns. The writing is compressed (sometimes a little odd) and always directed to the aesthetic point; judgments are firm and not always flattering. For the student of architecture, tyro or advanced, this is an invaluable compendium, brilliantly organized.

J. F. T.

Airborne Division

Mr. Frank Stuart's method of describing the migratory adventures of a flock of pintail from an unnamed Southern terrain across three thousand miles of land and sea to their Arctic breeding grounds is a successful blend of the dispassionate, co-related technique of bird-observation and that kind of personification exemplified by, say, "Tarka the Otter." His main concern in his book, *Wild Wings*, is to describe how, on flights of hundreds-of-miles stages at up to a mile a minute, the leaders cut the air-resistance, the flock in echelon-stepped formation take advantage of the easier flying; and periodically the leaders fall back and a fresh company takes the brunt of wind and weather. Mr. Stuart individualizes three birds: a pintail duck and drake, and a solitary white mallard, who courts the pintail duck. The description of that courtship, at top speed on the wing, is vividly exciting. His theory of how migration is guided by instinct, memory and will may be closely approximate to truth, and makes, being well-written, a compelling story of a non-human adventure we can understand and imaginatively share. Mr. Stuart makes handsome



"No, no. Pardon me—this is
the correct way to get up."

—and deserved—acknowledgment of the assistance of many British and foreign ornithologists and bodies of naturalists.

R. C. S.

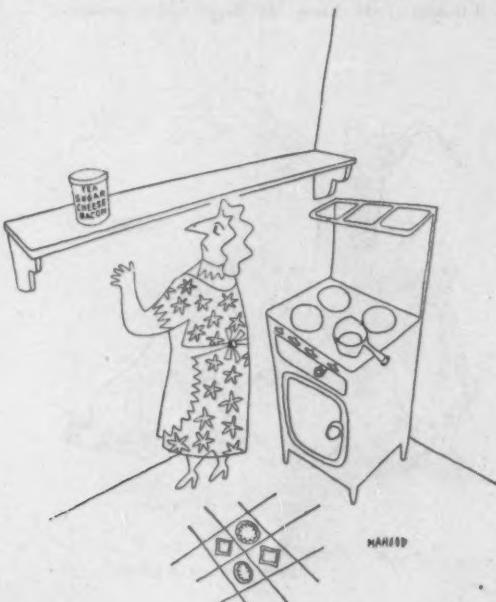
Copious Comedy

Details and themes that readers of Mr. V. S. Pritchett's short stories will remember (notably from "The Saint") reappear in his novel *Mr. Beluncle*, but with a different emphasis, in a different light. This is essentially a comic novel, a valuable shock to those inclined to accept the popular convention that the comic novel in these days is about smart country-house life in what Mr. Wodehouse has called the "butler belt" (even though much of the fun depends on the difficulty of getting any butlers). Mr. Beluncle is a booming suburban fraud perpetually on the edge of ruin, comfortably tyrannizing over his family, borrowing and wooing money, infatuated with the art of acquisition and living a rich imaginative life among luxury and mysticism. He and all the other characters, major and minor, in a splendid gallery of oddities are presented in a style that has the priceless habit of the sly surprising phrase, and the result is a wonderfully enjoyable book.

R. M.

The Open-minded Angler

The Fisherman's Handbook (surely the first to include a flashlight photograph of salmon-poachers on the job) is marked by a refreshing lack of prejudice. Mr. George Brennand is not in favour of clandestine



methods, but is passionately anti-purist in the most constructive way: he begs flyfishers to sample the subtleties of coarse-fishing, and the patient men of the float, to add the fly to their armoury. His book is comprehensive in its treatment of salmon and trout, suggestive where it deals with the more exciting coarse fish; all of it is sensible. He urges the use in lochs of prams and canoes, propelled by a single scull swivelled at the stern, and advocates rubber dinghies for remote waters. There are sections on river improvement, garden hatcheries, the damming of streams, and where to fish. Both novice and expert will find Mr. Brennand an amusing guide, whose diagrams are really helpful. Mr. Colin Gibeon's lovely drawings make one's fingers itch for a rod.

E. O. D. K.

Like Father, Like Daughter

The Bidou Inheritance dwells with skill and impartiality upon the dowdier aspects of provincial France—bourgeois life in an agricultural district, and, in particular, life in a miser's family. The miser in France has a distinguished literary pedigree; and Charles Bidou, who runs the Bazar Bidou in a small town in the Gironde, is, with his circle, handled in the modern manner—as it were La Fontaine inside-out, humanity animalized. This approach precludes humour; but within the very strict limits Miss Edith de Born imposes upon herself she has written, as Mr. Evelyn Waugh says, a complete and remarkable book. Everyone who comes into contact with the miser is blighted by his avarice—especially his widowed daughter. But as the old man's authority wanes she takes up with a prowling sensualist in Bordeaux—much as a similarly cramped Englishwoman might take to golf. Her casually gratified desire is the least convincing of what is, in the main, a study of appetites uncontrolled.

H. P. E.

Books Reviewed Above

They Came to a Mountain. Pat Miles. (Chapman and Hall, 10/6)

Neither Five nor Three. Helen MacInnes. (Collins, 12/6)

A Trial of Love. Maurice Edelman. (Wingate, 10/6)

Number Nine. A. P. Herbert. (Methuen, 10/6)

The Gunpowder Plot. Hugh Ross Williamson. (Faber, 21/-)

The Life of Jullien. Adam Carrie. (Heffer, 15/-)

The Buildings of England: Middlesex. Nikolaus Pevsner. (Penguin Books, 3/6)

Wild Wings. Frank Stuart. (Gollancz, 14/-)

Mr. Beluncle. V. S. Pritchett. (Chatto and Windus, 12/6)

The Fisherman's Handbook. George Brennand. (Ward, Lock, 21/-)

The Bidou Inheritance. Edith de Born. (Chapman and Hall, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

The Day of the Locust. Nathanael West. (Grey Walls Press, 9/6) First publication here of a short pre-war novel about Hollywood that has long had a high critical reputation. The tone is angry, the incident fantastic and sometimes bitterly amusing; the book makes a far greater, probably more truthful impression than many a laboriously detailed novel.

Now or Never. Manning Coles. (Hodder and Stoughton, 9/6)

The best Hambleton adventure for some time. Nazi secret societies in war-damaged Cologne defeated by British Intelligence and good Germans. The tart, casual humour and economical narrative back to the old standard. "Sapper" up-to-date.

TROUBLE IN THE PARK

HUMBLESTONE was in a menacing mood even before we found that the car was wedged in the middle of a long, tightly packed row in the Odious car-park with its nose to the wall. Organs don't agree with him for one thing. For another the second feature had been all about a dog. Then he had had trouble with an ash-tray: he had tapped it with his pipe, so that it turned upside-down and covered his trousers with ash. I have an idea that the little boy sitting behind had not helped either, by persistently kicking the springs under Humblestone's seat. And the discovery that we had been in the two-and-elevens all the time must have provided something of a finishing-touch, because we had paid for three-and-tons.

We stood at the back of the car in the pouring rain, and Humblestone drummed his fingers on the roof until an old man in a waterproof coat and a peaked cap came splashing up and joined us.

"Who did this?" said Humblestone dangerously.

"All squashed up, you mean?" said the attendant, with a happy smile. "Orders. Get 'em all in, see?"

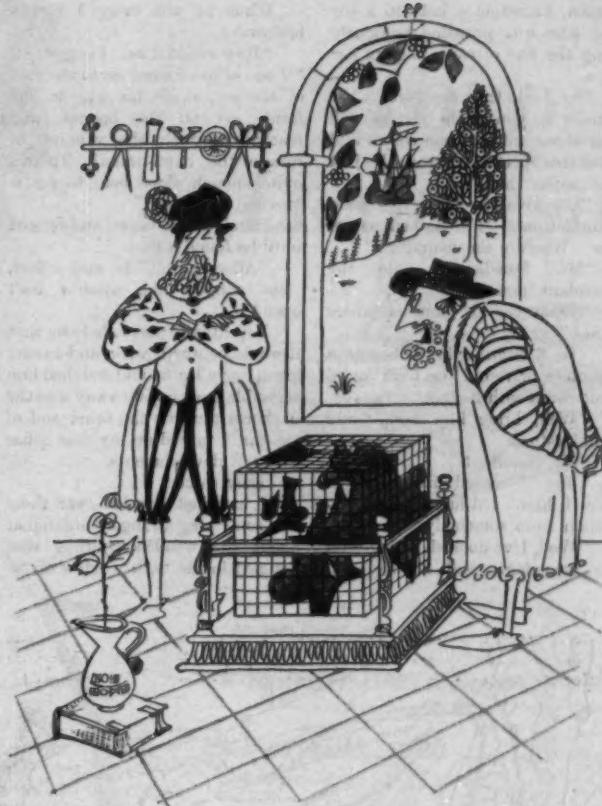
"Get 'em all in, eh?" said Humblestone, with magnificent irony. "And may I ask how you propose to get 'em all out?"

The attendant pursed his lips and kicked speculatively at one of the back tyres.

"Got to get 'em in somehow," he said. "Gets crowded, Satty."

Humblestone pushed him aside impatiently and began to squeeze his way down towards the off-side front door. He became so firmly wedged between the two cars that I had to pull him out. My hat fell into a puddle, and the attendant picked it up and banged it on his arm to dry it before he handed it back.

"Now look here," said Humblestone, getting more dangerous than ever. "I want this car out of here, and I want it out in a hurry. You're paid to stand in the rain all night. I'm not."



"... and I say it's round!"

"Tell you what," said the attendant. "I'll go and fetch a thin man."

"You'll do what?" said Humblestone.

"Fetch my mate. Doesn't weigh no more than two penn'orth of copper, does Ernie. He'll 'ave it out. Squeeze in between, see, open the door a crack, an' nip in like a neel. You watch."

And he paddled off into the dark.

We surveyed the job from every angle and came to the conclusion that, even if Ernie turned out to be thin enough to reach the door-handle and unlock the door, his

chances of opening it wider than an inch and a half were negligible. Humblestone fumed and stamped, and the attendant came trotting back to say that Ernie had gone off early on account of twinges up and down his back, more like as if someone was digging into him with something.

"Now listen to me," said Humblestone. "I'm not interested in Ernie. I want this car out, d'you understand?"

"Well, what do you suggest?" said the attendant.

I put a hand on Humblestone's arm to restrain him. There were one or two other patrons within

earshot, including a lady in a fur coat who was prowling anxiously along the line of cars, jingling her keys.

"See," said the attendant, "what I mean is, you might just as well 'ang about till someone comes and takes this sports job away. Be just plain sailin' then."

"Oh, give me strength!" said Humblestone. "I've had enough of this. Where's the manager?"

"Mr. Smedley?" said the attendant, amazed.

"Whatever his name is, where is he?"

"He'll be either in the box or in the office or round the back 'avin' some cocoa with Norma."

"Well, bring him here," said Humblestone.

"Mr. Smedley?"

"Yes!" roared Humblestone. "Fetch him. I'll have some satisfaction from somebody."

"Well, I've done all I can," said the attendant, and shuffled off.

While he was away I had a brainwave.

"How would it be," I suggested, "if one of us climbed on to the roof of the car, made his way to the front, sat on the bonnet, and reached through the window to release the hand-brake? There's quite enough slope here to get it moving, you know."

Humblestone fussed and fretted until he found a flaw.

"All very well," he said at last, "but suppose the window isn't open?"

I eventually persuaded him that it would be worth a try, and having given him a leg-up and watched him scramble precariously away into the darkness towards the other end of the car, I turned up my coat collar to await developments.

They came.

I had just decided that there was something strangely unfamiliar about the woollen golliwog that dangled in the back window of the

car when the attendant returned with an enormous, hearty man in an evening-suit.

"Well, friend," boomed Mr. Smedley, showing all his teeth and holding his umbrella protectively over the attendant, "and what seems to be the trouble?"

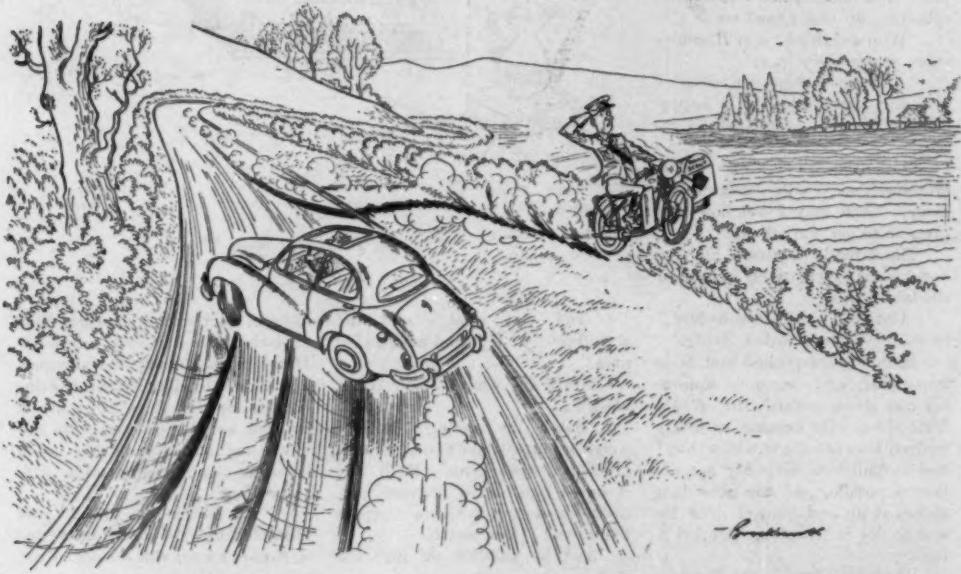
At that moment the car rolled backwards down the slope and on towards the middle of the car-park, with Humblestone crouching insecurely on the bonnet like a gargoyle.

"Excuse me," said the lady in the fur coat acidly, looming up and touching Mr. Smedley's elbow. "There's a man there making off with my car."

As Humblestone explained bitterly on the way home, it was all *my* fault. I should have known, he said, that he's not the kind of man to have golliwogs hanging in his window.

I suppose I should, really.

ALEX ATKINSON



NOTICE—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright is all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. **CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.**—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, first, be lent, hired, sold, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or at less than the full retail price of 2d.; and that it shall not be lent, sold, hired, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1950. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. DESCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: India 2s. Overseas 3s (U.S.A. \$3.25); Canada 3s or \$3.50.



The Masterpiece in Oils — approved by
every British car and motor cycle maker

FORD LEADERSHIP



*Here are just five of the reasons why
Ford hold so commanding a lead in
British Motoring:—*

- ★ **THE FORD FACTORY** at Dagenham is the only completely self-contained unit in the British Motor Industry.
- ★ **FORD DEALER SERVICE** is supreme for efficiency, speed, and economy.
- ★ **FORD PRODUCTS** are economical to purchase, to run and maintain.
- ★ **GENUINE FORD SPARE PARTS**, available at Ford Dealers, carry the same guarantee as the originals.
- ★ **FORD LEADERSHIP** is more than ever exemplified by the new 'Five-Star' cars, the 'Consul' and 'Zephyr-Six'.

Ford

Motoring is '5-Star' Motoring

THE BEST AT LOWEST COST

Punch, November 7, 1951

You can afford
JAEGER



Pure wool, Jaeger wool, warm and comfortable, makes this men's fashioned winterweight underwear; available in a full range of sizes. In quality, finish and feel, it is in the true Jaeger tradition of excellence. Yet the cost is only, in size 38, vest 37/11, pants 38/4; also athletic shorts 30/2. The pants and athletic shorts are reinforced for additional wear.

* SOCKS Jaeger '51 Socks, pure wool, nylon
 reinforced heel and toe, 6/11 a pair

Men like JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER SHOP

FROM YOUR WINE MERCHANT



November

Despite centuries of applied invention, teasels are still used to brush up the nap on high quality woollen cloth, manufactured for markets at home and abroad. For the transactions of merchants, traders and retailers, as well as of manufacturers, the organization of the Midland Bank is of great assistance, and many thousands rely upon its efficient and friendly service. At your nearest branch a booklet entitled "Midland Bank services for you" will be supplied readily on request.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED



For those with Sherry palates . . . including so many of today's distinguished people—the name Marques del Real Tesoro means sherry from ancient Jerez Soleras, of outstanding excellence. Real Tesoro "La Capitana," the lightest, crispest of Manzanillas, is a perfect drink for "before dinner." Other palates prefer the refined elegance of Real Tesoro "Torero" a smoothly delicate Amonitado Fino for sherry connoisseurs. Those who know sherry will appreciate the distinctive qualities of "Aimadrante," a rich, full-bodied golden Oloroso; of "Andaluz" Medium Dry Amoroso; and of "Ideal," a genial, highly-bred Fino Amonitado.

**MARQUES DEL
 REAL TESORO
 SHERRY**

(The Spaniards say Ray-AL Tes-ORO
 which means Royal Treasure)

Sole Importers : C. H. Tapp & Co. Ltd.

London December 7 1951



Your Christmas invitation
to join Britain's most select
society . . .

Distinguished men in all walks of life have discovered the Macanudo . . . and proclaimed it the perfect Jamaica cigar. When you, too, join their company, you will have found a pleasure that is shared only by those who understand truly exquisite quality. What better tribute to your own good taste—and that of your friends—than a gift of Macanudo cigars for Christmas?

Macanudo size 3/4d. each. Box of 25 83/3d.

MACANUDO

Made under the supervision of the proprietors of the PUNCH cigar factory





A simple and pleasing setting expressing that dignity and charm associated with rooms of distinction . . . achieved by the use of Walpamur Quality Paints.



WALPAMUR

The Standard flat finish

THE WALPAMUR COMPANY LIMITED • DARWEN AND LONDON



A BEDROOM TO ADMIRE FOR ITS ELEGANCE AND

Craftsmanship



VANTONA COURT BEDCOVERS can make a bedroom—give it charm and a character all its own. Their designs are woven into a fabric that is hard wearing, colour fast and washes perfectly. There is a wide range of choice, and each design is available in Pacific Blue, Lime Green, Coral Pink or Honey: £6.7.6 for 70" x 100" to £10.15.0 for 90" x 108".

The Vantona Household Advice Bureau has a brochure with details of bedroom schemes like the one shown here. Write for your copy (free) to Dept. 9, Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Vantona House, 107 Portland Street, Manchester 1.

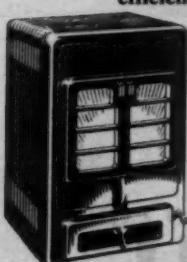


174/370 Particularly effective in a feminine bedroom—a charming cottage floral.



A WARM WELCOME in the Hall

A "Sunray" Stove in the hall will keep your whole house warm - economically and efficiently.



Stays in overnight. ★ Burns all types of solid fuels. ★ Simple to instal. ★ Metallic windows do not soot up. ★ Easily cleaned bright vitreous enamel or lustre finishes. ★ Constant hot water if a back boiler is fitted. ★ Unrestricted radiation with fire doors open. ★ Burning rate easy to control.

Ask your Ironmonger or Builders Merchant for further details, or write to us for an illustrated leaflet.

FREE STANDING MODEL. Inset also available. Both types with or without Boiler.

SUNRAY Stove

SLOW COMBUSTION



IDEAL FOR HALLS, LIVING ROOMS, GARAGES,
WORKSHOPS, RESTAURANTS AND SHOPS

GRANGEMOUTH IRON CO., LTD., FALKIRK



London's Permanent Sales Centre for
BEAUTYREST BILLOWBED DUNLOPILLO RELYON SLEEPEEZER SLUMBERLAND SOMNUS STAPLES VI-SPRING

I bought each bed for £49 including the mattress and base

The London Bedding Centre

Another JOHN PERRING Enterprise

13 Brompton Rd, KNIGHTSBRIDGE S.W.3 Phone: KNI 1777

Main JOHN PERRING Furniture Showrooms KINGSTON-on-Thames

and Branches in the following towns

WORTHING	GUILDFORD	STOONES	EAST SHEEN
OXFORD	TOOTING	SLough	SOUTHEND
CHICHESTER	TWICKENHAM	READING	HOUNSLAW GRAYS

JACKAWANE LTD



What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the "Procession". They're talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and really think about their gin drinks, always prefer Burrough's, because it is *triple distilled*. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

Delicious taken plain, Burrough's Gin also "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Price 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 per half-bottle.

ENJOYED SINCE 1820
BURROUGHS *Gin*
BEEFEATER
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!
JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75 CAKE DISTILLERY, BUTTON ROAD, S.E.11



CIGARS

Each in perfect condition, inside its individual sealed aluminium tube. The ideal Christmas gift—in box or carton or one-at-a-time.

3/6 each

Actual length of cigar
4½ inches. 17/6 per carton of five cigars.



The finest value in School Stockings



Prices vary slightly according to size



There's nothing to equal
'Viyella'
REGD

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'DAYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'
WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



Lives depend on his watches!

As Switzerland must import most of her raw materials, she must export workmanship—finished products—if she is to survive.

This is why Swiss watchmakers have to be carefully trained. Have to keep alive a father-to-son tradition by constant invention. Have to make better watches than other people.

Ask your jeweller to show you his choice of fine Swiss jewelled-lever watches. He will help you to get the best value for your money and afterwards keep your watch in good order. It's to his interest!



★ Fine Swiss watches can be bought from all good jewellers. To keep your watch always at top-level performance, consult the repair expert at your jeweller's. No one else is so competent to give your watch the professional care it deserves.

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



"I want Hot water
- I want Urquhart's!"

Somebody's day off, shortage of coal, shortage of coke, fuel strike—whatever causes the result is the same, cold or scalding water on the taps and radiators. The only way to be sure of hot water whenever you want it, is to convert your boiler to Urquhart's Oil-burning system. Oil is cheaper, cleaner, completely foolproof and needs next to no attention.

Get into touch with
Urquhart's
to convert YOUR boiler!

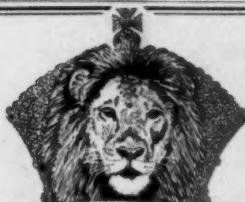
Urquhart's (1906 LTD.) London: Chancery Lane, N.W.1. Tel. Elgar 6322 Bristol: Albion Dockyard, Tel. Bristol 23050



There's nothing like Esso Handy Oil for helping homes to run like clockwork. It ends squeaks in an instant, is ideal for every household purpose and it not only lubricates but, by virtue of special ingredients, cleans and prevents rust as well. A large oil can with conveniently curved spout costs only 1/-—refills 1/6. Buy two bottles today, one for the house and another for the tool shed.

It pays to say
Esso Handy Oil

ESSO PETROLEUM COMPANY, LTD.
36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1



"King George IV"
Old Scotch Whisky

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LIMITED · EDINBURGH

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS Fixed
BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION

King in its own Realm

Well merited by its
Quality Unsurpassed



DO SHRIMPS MAKE GOOD HUSBANDS?

We don't know, but we do know that when caught, selected, peeled and potted they make remarkably tasty morsels—a teatime delicacy, cocktail snack or hors d'oeuvre. Obtainable direct from our fisheries 6/- and 11/- post free.



YOUNG'S POTTED SHRIMPS

The Fisheries, Cartmel, Morecambe Bay.
LONDON ORDERS: 1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3

Youngs Potted Shrimps

From high class Stores in principal towns.
Write for address of nearest stockist.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

(Still dependent on Public Support)



There are 7,000 children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes who are awaiting forward to all the good things that Christmas brings! Please lend a hand as the festive season approaches by sending a gift.

10/- will buy one child's food for five days.

Chaplets, etc. (crossed), payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should be sent to 4 BARNARDO HOUSE, STEPNEY Causeway, LONDON, E.I.

FRANCE FOR WINTER'S PLEASURES
Holiday in France for unrivalled winter sports or warm sunbathing. Perfect food and service yours to command. GO BY TRAIN ON REDUCED TOURIST OR ROAD-RAIL TICKETS. Coucheette sleeping accommodation (1st or 2nd class) ensures increased comfort. Through transportation from London (Victoria) of baggage, skis, etc. Information, tickets and reservations from Travel Agents or FRENCH RAILWAYS LTD., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.I.

TO OVERSEAS READERS LONDON'S BEST BOOKSHOP OFFERS

THE ENGLISH BOOK SERVICE

This service is designed to meet the needs of overseas readers who would like to receive outstanding new books from England as soon as they are published. For an annual subscription of £8 8s. (£4 4s. for half a year) we will send each month, postage paid, a new non-fiction volume by an English author. We make our selection from advance copies of all new volumes and care is taken not to duplicate the Book Society choice.

Write for our brochure giving full details
of the above and other overseas services

THE TIMES BOOKSHOP

42 WIGMORE STREET LONDON W.1 WELbeck 3781

SEE IRELAND

DRIVE YOURSELF IN COMFORT

RELIABILITY CARS LTD.

31 Kildare Street, Dublin.

Phone 66243

365 excuses for a Party!

—and a host of entertainment ideas to go with them in this scintillating American book! Brilliantly witty, sparklingly illustrated with Esquire's cartoons!

EAT! 1300 odd easy-to-prepare gourmet delights. Canapes and hors d'oeuvres, Vichyssoise, Bouillabaisse, etc.

DRINK! 600 recipes from innocuous Mons Collins to the French 75, Sazerac Cocktail, Rummer Gin Fizz, Ward 8—and all the old standbys!

AND BE MERRY! Games with a difference! For the dabbler in solitaire and for house party soirees.

Card games, quizzes, party entertainment, whimsical notes, perplexing puzzles.

Esquire's

HANDBOOK for HOSTS

To: A. THOMAS & CO. (P.), 111 Buchanan St., BLACKPOOL.
I enclose 30/- for one copy Esquire's Handbook for Hosts OR send C.O.D.

Name ...
Address ...

ORDER TODAY!



Esquire's
HANDBOOK
for HOSTS

*Best for all
occasions*



STATE EXPRESS 555

*The Best Cigarettes
in the World*



BY APPOINTMENT
OFFICIAL CIGARETTE TO
THE STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
TO H.R.H. KING GEORGE VI

The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.I.

Take my Tip!
Protect your hands with
Andy
GARDEN GLOVES

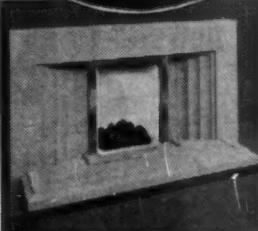
\$1 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores,
or direct 4/- post free (total size).

TRIDON, THORNLEY & CO., ROCHDALE

FOCAL POINT
of any room is still the fireplace;
traditional centre of attraction,
worthy of the craft so finely ex-
pressed in the range of Special
Stone Fireplaces designed for period
or modern homes by...

MINSTER

Registered Trade Mark



Send for Illustrated Brochure

MINSTER FIREPLACES, 101 STATION RD.,
ILMINGTON, SOMERSET



DRY FLY SHERRY—the best appetizer—makes a most accept-
able Christmas gift and provides a gracious welcome to your guests.
Order early from your Wine Merchant to avoid disappointment.

20/- bottle - 10/- half-bottle

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co. Ltd. Wine & Spirit Merchants to H.M. the King

FOR SAFETY IN INVESTMENT AND YIELD



*Invest
with safety*

AND LET YOUR MONEY EARN
A TAX-PAID RETURN OF

2½%

EQUIVALENT TO OVER 4½% ON
AN INVESTMENT TAXED AT
THE STANDARD RATE

Interest accrues from day of investment.
No brokerage fees or charges payable on
investment or withdrawal. Shares cannot
increase in value.

ASSETS EXCEED £5,000,000

For full details, write or telephone the Secretary:

**City Prudential
Building Society**

17 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON E.C.1. CITY 8323/6

ROSS'S Indian Tonic Water

blends with any fine gin in a subtle mellow harmony

L'ART DE BIEN VIVRE

R. F. P. - R. H. S.

THE HOUSE OF
Dolfi
FOR FRENCH LIQUEURS

MADE FROM FRESH FRUIT
LACED WITH FINE BRANDY

Jervis Holliday & Co. Ltd. 43 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

'General'
insurance overseas

THE EXPORT STORY

The insurance 'exports' of the 'General' play a valuable part in British economy, bringing to Great Britain the dollar earnings so necessary for our industry and trade. Now one of the largest dollar earners amongst British Insurance Companies, the 'General' continues to increase its overseas business thanks

to a policy of independent underwriting, and to quick decisions and fair claims settlements.

Incidentally, the 'General's' world-wide premium income of £29,384,900* for fire, accident and marine insurance is in keeping with its position right in the front rank of the big British Companies.

*1950 figures.

General

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH, SCOTLAND • GENERAL BUILDINGS, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2

Famous for all classes of Insurance

RUB IN **ELLIMAN'S** RUB OUT PAIN

Nature's Way

When you feel physical pain you instinctively rub. That is Nature's way of easing the pain. Rubbing with ELLIMAN'S does more—it rubs away the pain.



Elliman's Embrocation

has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from

RHEUMATIC PAINS, LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA, STIFFNESS, etc.

VULFIX
"Service"
Shaving BRUSH

The Brush with the 2 years' guarantee.

THE PROGRESS SHAVING BRUSH CO., LTD.
MOTTRAM STREET, STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE
49. LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Sherry connoisseurs—
here is interesting news...

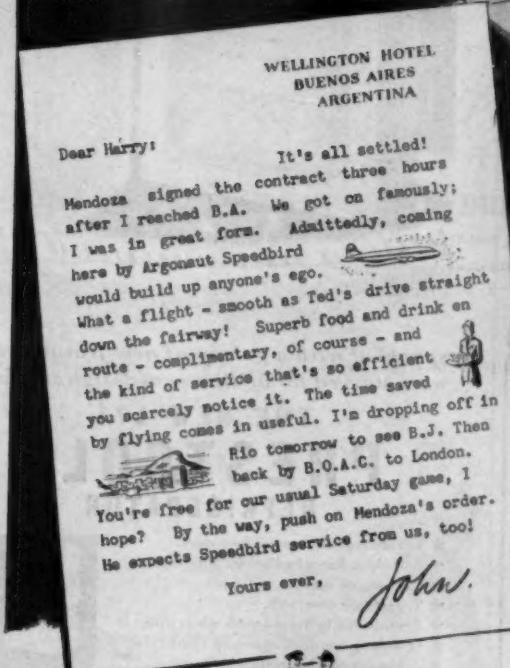
Lovers of truly beautiful sherry will be glad to know that two bottles of "Pintail" may be acquired for trial by the simple expedient of sending a cheque for 4/- to Matthew Groat & Son Ltd., of Perth, Scotland, who have been importing fine sherry since 1800. "Pintail" is a quite exceptional pale dry sherry. Price of 1 doz. Bottles carriage paid £12.

Pintail Sherry
MATTHEW GLOAT & SON LTD., Perth, Scotland.



Dear Harry...

REMEMBER
ENEROUSLY
SAT. NOV 10



B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU TO ALL SIX CONTINENTS

Arrive sooner — stay longer — do more. Fly by B.O.A.C. pressurized Speedbird to any of fifty-one countries on all six continents. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks. No tips or extras for comprehensive Speedbird service backed by 23 years' flying experience. Consult your Travel Agent or B.O.A.C.: Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323) or 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 6611).

FLY BRITISH BY B.O.A.C.



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED



**It's high time
I had a
SMITHS
ALARM**

NEW DAWN

30-hour alarm. 4" dial. Ivory, blue and green finishes. Luminous hands and spots 23/6 incl. P.T. Fully luminous 25/9 incl. P.T.

Over 55,000 Smiths Alarms are sold every week, sure evidence of their popularity, style and value. The model clearly indicates the time in the dark. All luminous compounds used in Smiths Alarms are guaranteed to ensure a high degree of permanency. Sold by Smiths recognised Stockists everywhere, and guaranteed for 12 months.

LOOK FOR THE CERISE RING
SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD. FAMOUS FOR ALL TIME

**Hooray!
We win again!**

AMAZING SUCCESS OF THE ENTIRELY

**NEW Mayfair
PREMIÈRE
ASSORTMENT**

BECAUSE

they are more delicious than ever . . . richer Toffees, more Chocolate. Greater variety of flavours and centres. Gayer wrappings. Everything of the best . . . and

NO INCREASE IN PRICE !

*Try the
NEW Mayfair
PREMIÈRE
to-day!*



MADE BY MAYFAIR PRODUCTS LTD. SUNDERLAND

A NEW REFRIGERATOR STAR IS BORN!



*spangled with a galaxy of new features ***
*** starred for brilliance of design and finish*

**THE NEW L71
PRESTCOLD
REFRIGERATOR**

- ★ 7 cu. ft. capacity in small floor space.
- ★ Extra large frozen food locker (26 lbs. capacity).
- ★ Glass-topped transparent Crispator.
- ★ Trigger-type door latch.
- ★ 2 new design ice trays—quick release cubes.
- ★ Fold-down top shelf, adjustable middle shelf.
- ★ Adjustable feet for levelling cabinet.
- ★ 5 year guarantee on Presmatic sealed unit.
- ★ Automatic interior light
- and a host of other starred features.

Prestcold have made many fine refrigerators—but here is the star of them all. Prestcold perfection of design and finish and construction are world-famous—but here is a refrigerator which shines with a new and brighter beauty. Greater in space, greater in grace, with full length storage, new features, new hold-everything design, new beauty, here is the refrigerator star which dims all others.



**FULL
LENGTH
STORAGE**

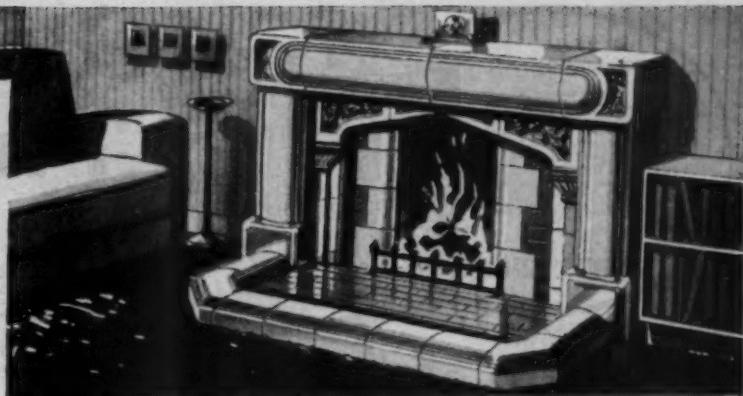
PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATION

keeps good food good

PRESSED STEEL COMPANY LIMITED, GOWLEY, OXFORD
London Office & Showrooms: Empress House, 180 Regent Street, W.1

Bidding a silent farewell...

*...the Sunlight gradually fades,
leaving a memory of Summer
days that passed all too soon,
but here by the fireside, lasking
in the warmth of a fire that blazes
in the heart of our Royal Venton
fireplace, what care we for the
sudden chill of Autumn, or the
promise of Winter snows to come?*



Royal Venton FIREPLACES

JOHN STEVENTON & SONS LTD • BURSLEM • STOKE-ON-TRENT • STAFFS

Telephone: Stoke-on-Trent 84261/62 • Telegrams: Steventon • Burslem and at Middlewich • Cheshire • Telephone 182



One of the reasons why the Jacobean style retains its popularity is that things look so nice in it. The many facets reflect the light and add sparkle to your table. Clayton Mayers' "Jacobean" range of glassware offers the classical design in numerous forms at prices that everyone can afford. A free booklet giving full details will be sent on request.

Clayton Mayers & Company Limited is always happy to home owing to export demands.

JACOBEAN GLASSWARE

Rapd. Clayton Mayers & Company Limited, London, N.W.2

CVD-46

TOP PANEL	24 oz.-6d.
Goblet	7 oz.-9d.
Sherry	2 oz.-6d.
Dish (for Nut)	4½d.
LOWER PANEL	
Tumblers	10 oz.-8d.
	8 oz.-7d. 6½ oz.-4d.
	4 oz.-5½d. 2 oz.-3½d.
	1½ oz.-2d.
Prices apply in England Scotland & Wales only	3d.



. Hier il faisait tant de
YESTERDAY IT WAS SO
brouillard que c'est
FOGGY THAT
à peine si mon oncle pou-
MY UNCLE COULD SCARCELY
vait voir le Dubonnet dans
SEE THE DUBONNET IN
son verre. Ce matin on ne
HIS GLASS. THIS MORNING IT
voit même plus le contenu
IS SCARCELY VISIBLE
de la bouteille.
IN THE BOTTLE.

Come fog and frost, come snow and slush, the true lover of Dubonnet will never be parted from his favourite drink. Happily enough, Dubonnet is sold by good bars and wine merchants everywhere. All you need to do is say 'Dubonnet'—and as often as you wish. For potent as it is, Dubonnet does not affect the liver. Try it today.

DUBONNET does not affect the liver

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



**A NEW
AUTO-RADIOGRAM**

A six-valve three waveband superhet, with "push-pull" output designed for high quality reproduction of radio and records.

Garrard Automatic Record Changer for all types of records, 10" speaker, storage space for over 200 records.

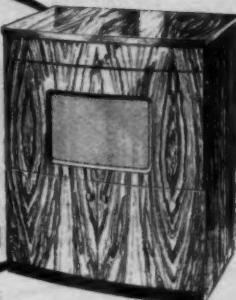
Superb Walnut Cabinet. Obtainable from Ambassador Agents only.

Illustrated literature gratis on application.



The Six-Fifty-one AUTO-RADIOGRAM

Cash Price £99 - 15/-
Ambassador Radio, Princess Works, Brighouse, Yorks



A NEW ARRIVAL?

*an important
detail ...*



It's time to establish his (or her) identity with Cash's Woven Name Tapes. Colours stay fast after repeated washings. Obtainable in a variety of styles and colours at drapers and outfitters.

★ All orders
promptly
executed

3 dozen	3/6
6 dozen	7/6
12 dozen	10/6

Cash's
WOVEN NAME TAPES

J. & J. CASH LTD., COVENTRY



GET MORE FOR YOUR FARE TO ...



**MIDDLE EAST
PAKISTAN AND INDIA
AROUND THE WORLD**

on the World's
Most Experienced Airline!



● You fly from London in luxurious Constellation-type Clippers* to Istanbul and Beirut, and with same plane service to Basra, Karachi, Delhi, Calcutta, Bangkok and the Far East. Continue on, if you wish, around the world.

Complimentary drinks, meals and cigarettes. For all information, tickets and reservations, call your Travel Agent, or Pan American, 193/4 Piccadilly, London, W.1 (REGent 7292). In Birmingham : Tel. Central 6194.

PAN AMERICAN
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

* Trade Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.



1881-1951

70 Years of
Service for
Children

5,000 Boys and Girls
now in our care
A VOLUNTARY SOCIETY
NOT STATE SUPPORTED

GIFTS and LEGACIES generously received
CHURCH OF ENGLAND

**CHILDREN'S
SOCIETY**

(formerly WAIFS AND STRAYS)
Old Town Hall, Kensington, London, S.E.11

I love
**MARIE BRIZARD
APRY**
the liqueur of
the Apricot

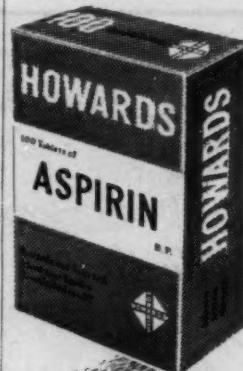


★ Available from Wine Merchants and Stores
throughout the United Kingdom.

Sale Distributors : Twiss & Dronning & Hallows Ltd.,
3, Lawrence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.



*Not the cheapest ...
but the best*



TBWS



EUCRYL
DENTURE POWDER

BRUSHING ENSURES
CLEANLINESS

EUCRYL
DENTURE
POWDER

* also use Eucryl Dental Plate Fixative to
keep your dentures from slipping (1/3 & 2/6).
And for your own teeth, Powder is common
sense — use Eucryl Tooth Powder (10/- & 1/5).

10% & 15%
Excluding Purchase Tax

By Appointment Wine Merchant to His Majesty The King



A Solution to the Present Problem

The faultless choice. Harvey's world-famous Wines packed in Cases and delivered to your friends before Christmas, provided that orders are received *not later than December 10th*.

CASE NUMBER ONE

- 1 bottle Falanda Sherry
Superior rich golden 20/-
- 1 bottle Brown Cap Port
Old tawny 18/6
for 40/-

* CASE NUMBER TWO

- 1 bottle Merienda Sherry
Pale medium dry 19/-
- 1 bottle White Cap Port
Old full tawny, dry 19/-
- 1 bottle Sauternes Supérieur 10/-
for 49/6

CASE NUMBER SIX: RED AND WHITE BORDEAUX

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|------|------------------------------|------|
| 1 bottle Médoc | 7/- | 1 bottle Graves Supérieur | 8/6 |
| 1 bottle St. Emilion | 9/- | 1 bottle Sauternes Supérieur | 10/- |
| 1 bottle Pomerol N.V. | 11/- | 1 bottle Château Baret 1947 | 10/6 |
- for 59/-

Carriage and Packing inclusive; cases not returnable.

We will send a list of all our SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CASES, from 40/- to 117/6, together with our current price list on receipt of a postcard with your name and address.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD OF BRISTOL: FOUNDED IN 1796

Head Office: 5 Pipe Lane, Bristol I

London Office: 40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1

Scottish Office: 188 West George Street, Glasgow

Subsidiary Companies or Branches at: Kidderminster, Cardiff, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Glasgow and at Beeston's of Wolverhampton.

CW5-60

Summit SHIRTS

for office chair
Check lustre shirt, coat style,
two 'Trubenized' collars,
choice of 4 shades
55/-

for evening wear
Soft-fronted Marcella
dress shirt, coat style,
with two collars
63/-

for open air
Oxford shirt, coat style,
polo collar (attached),
in plain colours
39/6

WHAT good-looking, hard-wearing shirts these Summits are! Beautifully tailored in pre-shrunk, colour-fast materials, they are to most men the backbone of their wardrobe. Remember that wherever you travel in Britain, there are Summit shirts at the nearest Austin Reed shop.



Summit Shirts with two
collars also have two sleeve lengths

AUSTIN REED
OF REGENT STREET

LONDON & PRINCIPAL CITIES

1951

LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6769



Creative Contemplation

A knotty problem, be it serious business or only a difficult hand of cards, can be solved by cool, collected thought. To induce the right frame of mind for such thorny deliberations, fill your pipe with the best tobacco money can buy, light it, relax, and let your brain do the rest. We recommend you to try

T. & B.'S SALUS MIXTURE

Occasional and inveterate smokers who prefer a mixture will relish the cream of virginias and choice oriental leaf, skilfully blended by hand in the old-fashioned way on our own premises.

Send 19s. 8d. for sample; ½ lb. tin, post free, or we shall be honoured to serve you over the counter at

TAYLOR & BREEDEN LTD.

39 Cross Street, Manchester, 2.
Noted for Cigars and Tobacco since 1861

Very Personal Secretary



Immediate
dispatch

Obtainable only direct
from the Makers

UNICORN LEATHER CO. LTD. (DEPT. PH. 2) WOODHILL WORKS, BURY, LANCS.

This golden-tanned, good-looking briefcase makes the most accommodating secretary on overnight business trips. On the journey it holds your magazines, unfolded, in a deep, outside zip pocket; at conferences, it keeps foolscap folders and business papers neatly to hand in two capacious compartments; and at bedtime produces your pyjamas and toothbrush from a private zip-sealed compartment. Measuring 17" x 11½" in selected hog-grained leather, with leather lining, lever lock and fittings of solid brass, this versatile briefcase makes a handsome buy at only £7 10 0 post free, (\$23.75 in U.S.A. including carriage and insurance). Also available in smooth polished hide at £9 9 0 (27.50). Money-back guarantee of satisfaction.



HERE'S YOUR FOOD FOR FITNESS

Take Yestamin and laugh at winter weather. Rich in "preventive" B group vitamins, this pure, dried Brewers' Yeast guards you against a host of minor ills and actually releases extra energy from your other food. Make it your wisest daily habit.

YESTAMIN

3 TABLETS-	DAILY YEAST
	Oscinamine only from Chemists.
100 TABLETS 1/10	
300 TABLETS 4/9	
3 TIMES A DAY	



—this is the SPECIAL lather, prescribed for super-sensitive skin. Mildly medicated. Soothing. Cooling. A joy to skin which tingles, feels taut or becomes inflamed after ordinary shaving.

Cuticura SHAVING STICK



IN THE SERVICE OF INDUSTRY

"Ingenium industria alitur"—genius is fostered by industry. Thus Cicero. Had he lived today he might with equal truth have written that industry is fostered by genius. For so it is, as is seen by many of its wonders made possible by the use of Johnson Matthey's materials and special services.

JM SERVICES

PRODUCTS AND MATERIALS UTILISING GOLD · SILVER · PLATINUM

JOHNSON, MATTHEY & CO. LIMITED, MATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.4.

G.D.P.

THIS YEAR SEND

WINE TOKENS

—and give your friends the double pleasure of choosing and drinking their favourite wine—to your health!

Wine tokens are sold and exchanged by most wine merchants and are available from 5/- upwards.

Sponsored by the Friends of Wine.

I VINTNER'S PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4.

TATE GALLERY THAMES BRIDGE LAMBETH PALACE

THAMES BRIDGE

Midway between Vauxhall & Lambeth Bridges. Opposite Tate Gallery. South Bank of Thames. TELE: RUL 2881 (2 lines).

Autocar
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT LTD.

ALBERT EMBANKMENT S.E.11

Midway between Vauxhall & Lambeth Bridges. Opposite Tate Gallery. South Bank of Thames. TELE: RUL 2881 (2 lines).

Welcome Always
Keep it Handy

GRANT'S
MESCAL
Cherry Brandy

AFTER 100 YEARS IN GREATER DEMAND THAN EVER

Carters INVALID FURNITURE



GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

Phone: Caxton 1049



CLIVEDEN (Property of the National Trust)

THIS famous Buckinghamshire home was built for the Duke of Buckingham, that brilliant dilettante, soldier, intriguer, duellist and diplomat who astounded and shocked not only the English Court but the European Courts of the time of Charles I.

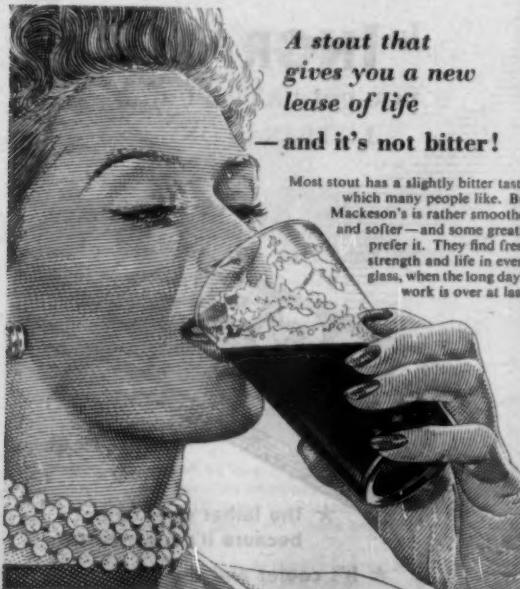
House and gardens are in keeping with the man for whom they were created, brilliant and exotic, with a mosaic chapel, a fountain in Sienna marble, statuary groups and a balustrade 140 feet long transported from the Borgheze Palace in Italy.

Martins Bank has associations going back even further, to Elizabethan times, and the principal London office of the Bank carries on a banking tradition under Sir Thomas Gresham's "Sign of the Grasshopper" which dates back to 1563.



MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office . . . 68 Lombard Street, E.C.3
HEAD OFFICE: 4 WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL 2



*A stout that
gives you a new
lease of life*

—and it's not bitter!

Most stout has a slightly bitter taste, which many people like. But Mackeson's is rather smoother and softer—and some greatly prefer it. They find fresh strength and life in every glass, when the long day's work is over at last.

MACKESON'S
... you'll like it better!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD



FIRST and foremost TWA's service offers air-travellers the greatest convenience in reaching their destinations with speed and comfort. If you are bound for any one of the many U.S. business centres or if you have to visit a number of them in double-quick time TWA can book you and fly you all the way. TWA is the only airline that can fly you from 20 world centres in Europe, Africa, and Asia right through to any of the 60 important U.S. cities—one ticket—one airline! Flying with TWA is always a pleasure. The atmosphere is friendly and it is your comfort that matters. Your superb food is carefully prepared and well served. Your drinks, too. TWA's fast and luxurious 4-engined Constellations are favoured by seasoned air travellers for their above-the-weather flying, dependability, comfort and "on time" arrivals. That is why some 2,000,000 passengers buy TWA tickets annually.

Exclusive all-sleeper service

TWA offers the only all-sleeper service to New York. The luxurious TWA "New York Ambassador" leaves London every Sunday and Paris every Monday. In addition to the all-sleeper flights TWA offers you a daily service from London to the U.S.A., including combination sleeper-lounge flights on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND via the USA

See and enjoy beautiful San Francisco, Hawaii, Fiji, on your way "down under." Fly by TWA-BCPA de luxe sleeper service.

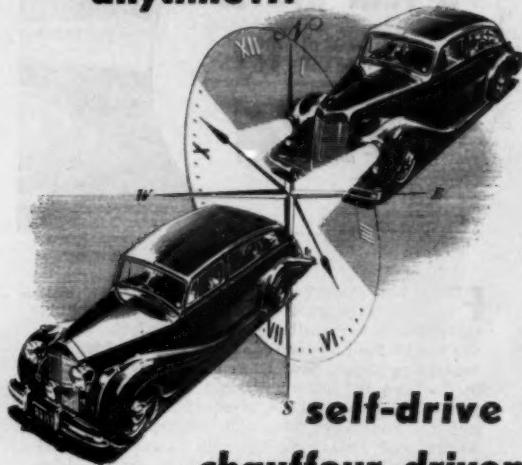

Consult your Travel Agent or TWA
London. Tel.: REGent 3211
TWA Reservation Service
available day and night.
Manchester. Tel.: BLAckfriars 1610

YOU CAN DEPEND ON

TWA - USA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES
EUROPE AFRICA ASIA

GODFREY DAVIS

*the first name in car hire
anywhere...
anytime...*



**s self-drive
chauffeur-driven**

- SELF-DRIVE: 1951 MORRIS-OXFORD and ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY 5-seater saloons
 - CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN: 1951 ROLLS-ROYCE 6 passenger Limousines and ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY 6-passenger Limousines and 3/4-passenger saloons
 - CAR WILL MEET YOU ANYWHERE—any time
 - YOUR DRIVING LICENCE and all documents obtained
 - TOURS AND ITINERARIES PLANNED
- *EUROPE'S LARGEST CAR HIRE OPERATORS
ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS

Call, Write, Telephone or Cable

**7 ECCLESTON STREET
LONDON, S.W.1**

TELEPHONE: SLOane 0022

Cables: Quickmiles, London.

Also at Neasden Lane, London, N.W.10 (GLAdstone 6474)

Regent fuel and lubricate
Godfrey Davis Cars

BETTER BUY RECENT ON THE ROAD



When
Doctor
approves
burgundy

—enjoy
getting
well on

KEYSTONE



When doctors approve Burgundy to give you that bit of a "lift" you need, to increase your appetite, they endorse Keystone Australian Burgundy for this purpose. You'll enjoy it thoroughly; it heartens you from the first sip, and its appetising flavour makes you really relish your meals. So get yourself a flagon of Keystone and day by day feel the good it does you!

**KEYSTONE
AUSTRALIAN
BURGUNDY**

Still only 11/6 a flagon,
5/9 a half flagon
6d. extra deposit
(returnable) on both sizes



Bottled and guaranteed by Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., London, E.3. (11)

In **INGRAM**
you get LATHER and
LOTION in ONE



★ The lather goes farther
because it's concentrated

★ It's cooler and smoother
because it's mentholated

INGRAM combines its own face lotion

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

50/47



For the name of your nearest stockist, please write to
Holmes, Shoe Manufacturers, Norwich



Don't let these eyes . . .



become these . . .



In this modern world we all have to put a great burden on our eyes—whether we are scientists or typists. Let us, then, take the greatest care of them—with proper lighting, due rest, professional attention—and Optrex for regular eye hygiene and the minor eye afflictions.

Buy and use the Optrex Eye Bath. Anatomically designed. It fits your eye—and fits the bottle.

Optrex the EYE LOTION

2/6 • 4/6 • 10/-

BY APPOINTMENT
Drapers of
His Majesty
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

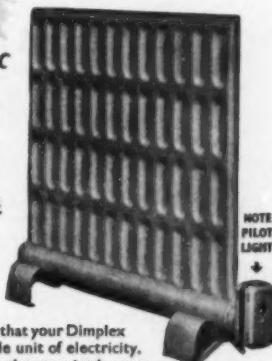
TOURMISSEUR BREVE
DE SA MAJESTE L'EMPEREUR



COURVOISIER
COGNAC
VSOP
THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON

Keeps Good Company

THE ELECTRIC
RADIATOR
WITH THE
ECONOMY ANGLE



Thermostatic control assures that your Dimplex Radiator never wastes a single unit of electricity. It switches off immediately the required room temperature is reached—and the pilot light confirms it! Here is "plug-in" central heating, without boilers, pipes or installation. No surfaces to burn or scorch—perfect for clothes airing. And running costs? For the 1kW. model (at 1d. per unit), less than 1d. an hour.

Models: 1kW., 2kW.,
1kW. (illustrated),
1½kW., and 2½kW. All
models are available
with castor wheels or
wall brackets.



dimplex

OIL-FILLED
ELECTRIC
RADIATORS

HERMETICALLY CONTROLLED

At Electrical Retailers, Service Centres and Departmental Stores—or write for brochure (PU) to Dimplex Ltd., Tottern, Southampton, Hants.



Whenever you enjoy COFFEE . . .
you'll enjoy it even more if it's . . .

extra-flavour MAXWELL HOUSE coffee

What is this extra-flavour?

It's a richness . . . a mellowness . . . a *depth* of flavour that comes from blending the many superb coffees which make up Maxwell House. People who know good coffee look for and love that *extra-flavour*!

How it keeps fresh!

You can't have extra-flavour coffee unless you have *fresh* coffee . . . because air steals flavour away. That's why Maxwell House is sealed in air-tight tins as soon as it's ground. When you open it in your kitchen all the fragrance and *extra-flavour* is there for you to enjoy!

"GOOD TO THE LAST DROP"



Another fine product of ALFRED BIRD & SONS LTD. BIRMINGHAM 13